





Ballads of the Scottish Border

Reprinted from stereotype plates

Ballads of the Scottish Border

With Introductions & Notes



Paisley

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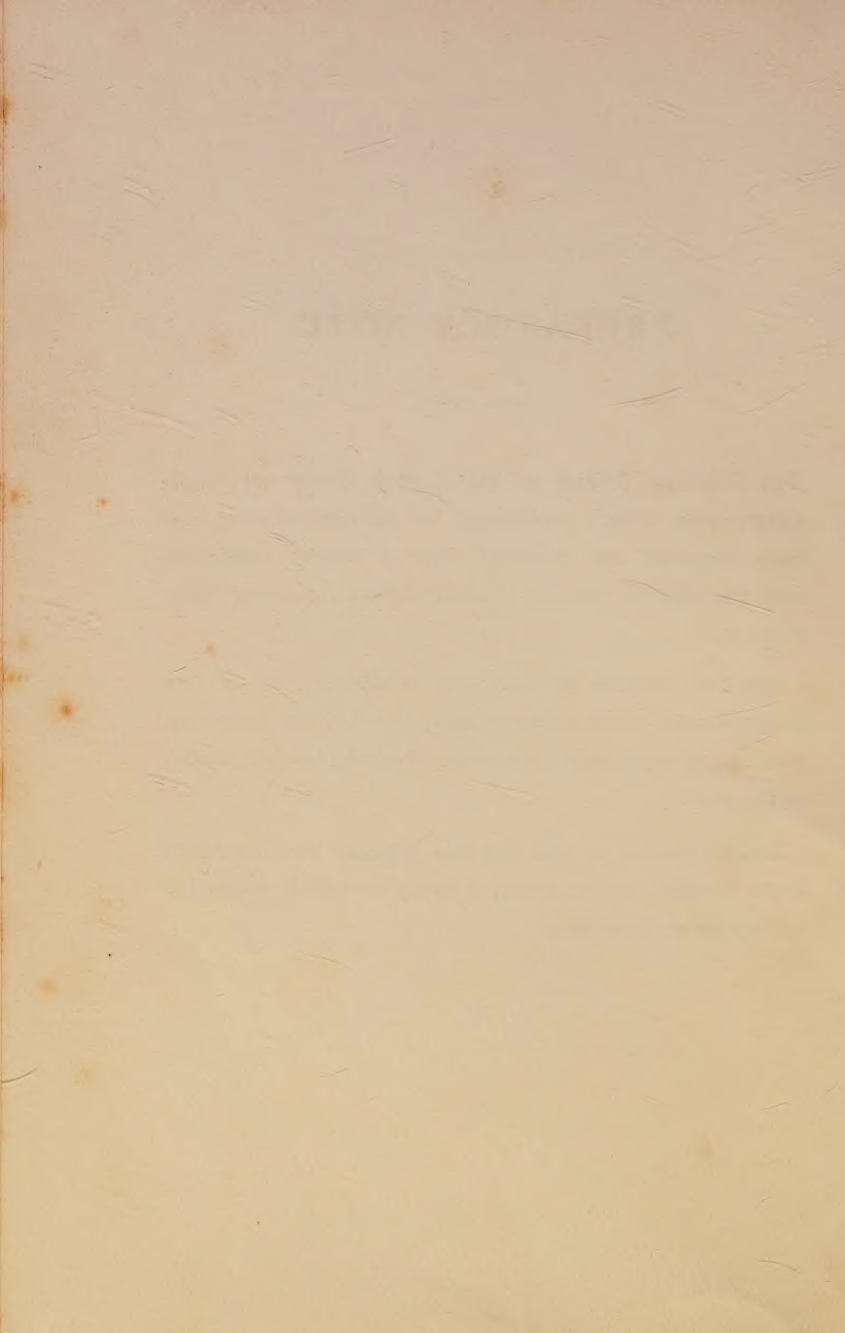
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PREFATORY NOTE.

THE following *Ballads of the Scottish Border* are chiefly selected from Scott's *Minstrelsy*; but the versions given have been corrected and extended, after a careful comparison with any different versions published in other Scottish Ballad Collections.

The Introductions and Notes are, as indicated, mostly taken from the same source as the ballads; and they are, in general, so ample as to preclude the necessity of adding anything further in this place.

It only remains to add that this collection contains nearly every Scottish Border ballad, properly so called, which can lay any claim to antiquity.



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BALLADS

OF THE

SCOTTISH BORDER.

THE DOUGLAS TRAGEDY.

“The ballad of ‘The Douglas Tragedy’ is one of the few to which popular tradition has ascribed complete locality. The farm of Blackhouse, in Selkirkshire, is said to have been the scene of this melancholy event. There are the remains of a very ancient tower, adjacent to the farm-house, in a wild solitary glen, upon a torrent named Douglas Burn, which joins the Yarrow after passing a craggy rock called the Douglas Craig. From this ancient tower, Lady Margaret is said to have been carried by her lover. Seven large stones, erected upon the neighbouring heights of Blackhouse, are shown as marking the spot where the seven brothers were slain; and the Douglas Burn is averred to have been the stream at which the lovers stopped to drink. So minute is tradition in ascertaining the scene of a tragical tale, which, considering the rude state of former times, had probably foundation in some real event.

“Many copies of this ballad are current among the vulgar, but chiefly in a state of great corruption, especially such as have been committed to the press in the shape of penny pamphlets. One of these is now before me, which, among many others, has the ridiculous error of ‘*blue gilded horn*,’ for ‘*bugelet horn*.’ The copy principally used in this [Scott’s] edition of the ballad was supplied by Mr. Charles K. Sharpe. The three last verses are given from the printed copy, and from tradition. The hackneyed verse, of the rose and the brier springing from the grave of the lovers, is common to most tragic ballads; but it is introduced into this with singular propriety, as the chapel of St. Mary, whose vestiges may be still traced upon the lake to which it has given name, is said to have been the burial-place of Lord William and fair Margaret. The wrath of the Black Douglas, which vented itself upon the brier, far surpasses the usual stanza:—

‘At length came the clerk of the parish,
As you the truth shall hear,
And by mischance he cut them down,
Or else they had still been there.’”

—Sir W. Scott, *Minstrelsy*, vol. iii., p. 3.

Motherwell adopted “the copy given in the work from which the above extract has been taken;” and says, “any recited copy that we have heard has been incomplete, wanting not only the circumstance of the lovers halting at the stream, but likewise that of their death and burial.”

With reference to Sir Walter Scott’s remarks on the localities of this ballad, as above quoted, and a similar identification as to place

of some of the incidents in "Ribolt and Guldberg," by Grundtvig (pp. 342-3), the following observation of Jamieson, relative to the transposition of person, and of the unities of time and place, to widely different scenes and periods of action, is peculiarly applicable:—

"Popular tales and anecdotes of every kind soon obtain locality wherever they are told; and the intelligent and attentive traveller will not be surprised to find the same story which he had learned when a child, with every appropriate circumstance of names, time, and place, in a glen of Morven, Lochaber, or Rannoch, equally domesticated among the mountains of Norway, Caucasus, or Thibet."
—*Illustrations of Northern Antiquities*, p. 317.

- 1 "Rise up, rise up, now, Lord Douglas," she says,
"And put on your armour so bright;
Let it never be said that a daughter of thine
Was married to a lord under night.
- 2 "Rise up, rise up, my seven bold sons,
And put on your armour so bright;
And take better care of your youngest sister,
For your eldest's away the last night."
- 3 He's mounted her on a milk-white steed,
And himself on a dapple gray,
With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,
And lightly they baith rade away.
- 4 Lord William look'd over his left shoulder—
He look'd to see what he could see—
And he spy'd her father and brethren bold,
Come riding hastily over the lea.
- 5 "Light down, light down, Lady Marg'ret," he said,
"And hold my steed in your hand,
Until that against your seven brethren bold,
And your father I make a stand."
- 6 She held his steed in her milk-white hand,
But spake not, nor shed not a tear,
Until that she saw her seven brethren fall,
And the blood of her father so dear.
- 7 "Oh, hold your hand, Lord William!" she said,
"For your strokes they are wondrous sair;
True lovers I can get many a ane,
But a father I can never get mair."
- 8 Oh, she's ta'en her kerchief from off her neck—
It was of the holland sae fine—
And aye she wiped her father's bloody wounds,
That were redder than the wine.

-
- 9 "Oh chuse, oh chuse, Lady Marg'ret," he said,
"Oh, whether will ye gang or bide?"
"I'll gang, I'll gang, Lord William," she said,
"Ye have left me no other guide."
- 10 He's lifted her on a milk-white steed,
And himself on a dapple gray,
With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,
And slowly they baith rade away.
- 11 Oh, they rade slowly and sadly on,
And all by the light of the moon;
They rade till they came to yon wan water,
And there they alighted them down.
- 12 They alighted them down to take a drink
Of the water that ran so clear;
And down the stream ran his gude heart's blood,
And sair Lady Marg'ret did fear.
- 13 "Hold up, hold up, Lord William," she says,
"For I fear me that you are slain!"
"Tis but the shadow of my scarlet cloak
That shines in the water sae plain."
- 14 Oh, they rade slowly and sadly on,
And all by the light of the moon,
Until they came to his mother's hall door,
And there they alighted them down.
- 15 "Get up, get up, lady mother," he says,
"Get up, get up and let me in!—
Get up, get up, lady mother," he says,
"For this night my fair lady I've win."
- 16 "Oh, make my bed, lady mother," he says,
"Oh, make my bed baith braid and deep!
And lay Lady Marg'ret close at my back,
And the sounder we baith will sleep."
- 17 Lord William was dead lang ere midnight,
Lady Marg'ret was dead lang ere day;
And all true lovers that go thegither,
May they have better luck than they!
- 18 Lord William was buried in St. Marie's kirk,
Lady Marg'ret in St. Marie's quire;
Out of the lady's grave grew a red rose,
And out of the knight's grew a brier.

- 19 And they twa they met, and they twa they plat,
 As if full fain they wou'd be near;
 Sae that all the world might ken right weel
 That they grew frae twa lovers dear.*
- 20 But by chance that way the Black Douglas rade,
 And wow but he was rude and rough!
 For he pull'd up the bonnie, bonnie brier,
 And flang it in St. Marie's Loch.
-

THE EARL OF DOUGLAS AND DAME OLIPHANT.

Abridged from Buchan's *Ancient Ballads*, vol. ii., p. 181.

It is probable that the name of the heroine, in place of "Oliphant"—which is a family surname, and not a lady's Christian name—should read "Eleanor," and that the ballad may relate to the second marriage of "William de Douglas, denominated the Hardy," about A. D. 1290.

- 1 WILLIE was an earl's ae son,
 An earl's ae son was he;
 And he is on to fair England,
 To serve for meat and fee.
- 2 But it was not for meat and fee
 That Willie hied him there;
 But for his love to Oliphant,
 Of beauty bright and rare.
- 3 Now, it fell ance upon a day,
 That Oliphant thought lang;
 And she went on to good greenwood,
 As fast as she cou'd gang.
- 4 Willie he stood in his chamber door,
 In a love-musing mood,
 And spy'd fair Lady Oliphant,
 As she hied to the wood.

* If the testimony of numerous minstrels in different lands and ages may be credited, the miracle here narrated in stanzas 18 and 19 was "frequently witnessed over the graves of faithful lovers. King Mark, according to the German romance, planted a rose on Tristan's grave, and a vine on that of Isold. The roots struck down into the very hearts of the dead lovers, and the stems twined lovingly together. The French account is somewhat different. An eglantine sprung from the tomb of Tristan, and twisted itself round the monument of Isold. It was cut down three times, but grew up every morning fresher than before; so that it was allowed to stand." Several other instances of this miraculous phenomenon occur in this volume; in Swedish, Danish, and Breton ballad lore; "in a Servian tale, cited by Salvi (*Vertuch*, &c. p. 139); and in an Afghan poem, described by Elphinstone" (*Account of the Kingdom of Cabul*, vol. i., p. 295).—Prof. Child's *English and Scottish Ballads*, vol. ii., p. 119.

-
- 5 He took his bow and arrows keen,
His sword baith braid and lang;
And he is on to good greenwood,
As fast as he cou'd gang.
- 6 And there he found fair Oliphant,
Asleep beneath a tree;
But up she started at his step,
And thus in fear cry'd she:
- 7 "Hold away from me, young man,
Hold far away from me;
I fear you are some false young knight
Beguilds young ladies free."
- 8 "I am not such a false young knight
As you fear me to be;
I am young Willie of Douglas-dale,
And dearly I love thee."
- 9 "If you are Willie of Douglas-dale,
Your love is dear to me,
For oft I think, and in my sleep
Full oft I dream of thee."
- 10 But the cocks they crew, and the horns blew,
And herds lowed on the hill;
And Willie he hied him back again,
Unto his daily toil.
- 11 Sae likewise did fair Oliphant,
To her book and her seam;
But little she read, and little she sewed,
For love was her day-dream.
- 12 Then it fell ance upon a night,
Young Willie he thought lang;
And he went on to Oliphant's bow'r,
As fast as he cou'd gang.
- 13 "Oh, are you asleep, fair Oliphant?
Oh, are you asleep?" cried he;
"Oh, waken, waken, Oliphant,
Oh, waken and speak to me."
- 14 "Oh, much I do fear me, dear Willie,
Oh, much I fear," said she;
"If my father or his knights do hear,
By them you slain shall be."

- 15 "O Oliphant, dear Oliphant,
A king's daughter are ye;
But would you leave your father's court,
To live and die with me?"
- 16 "Oh, I would leave my father's court,
Let weal or woe betide;
For I could range the world o'er,
If you were by my side."
- 17 She took a web of scarlet cloth,
And tore it fine and small;
Then plaited it both long and strong,
To let her down the wall.
- 18 She lower'd herself in Willie's arms,
Adown the castle wall;
And Willie was wight and well able
To save her from a fall.
- 19 But the cocks they crew, and the horns blew,
And herds low'd on the hill,
As Willie's lady follow'd him
Tho' her tears trickl'd still.
- 20 They lived together in good greenwood
Some nine months and a day,
When Willie to fair Oliphant
Thus lovingly did say:
- 21 "Oh, want ye ribbons to your hair,
Or roses to your shoon?
Or want ye chains about your neck?
You'll get mair when they're done."
- 22 "I want not ribbons to my hair,
Nor roses to my shoon;
And there are mair chains about my neck?
Than ever I'll see done."
- 23 "Will ye gae to the cards or dice?
Or to the table play?
Or to a bed sae well down-spread,
And sleep till it be day?"
- 24 "I've mair need of the rodens, Willie,
That grow on yonder thorn;
Likewise a drink of spring water,
Out of your grass-green horn.

-
- 25 "I've mair need of a fire, Willie,
To heat my shivering frame;
Likewise a glass of good red wine,
Ere your young son come hame."
- 26 He got a bush of rodens till her,
That grew on yonder thorn;
Likewise a drink of spring water,
Out of his grass-green horn.
- 27 He carried the match in his pocket,
That kindled to her the fire,
Well set about with oaken spails,
That leam'd o'er Lincolnshire.
- 28 And he has brought to his lady
A glass of good red wine;
And he has likewise brought to her
A loaf of white bread fine.
- 29 The milk that he milk'd frae the goats,
He fed his young son on;
Thus he did tend and serve them baith,
In greenwood all alone.
- 30 Till it fell ance upon a day,
Fair Oliphant did plaine:
"Oh, if you have a place, Willie,
I pray you have me hame."
- 31 He took his young son in his arms,
When Oliphant grew strang;
And they went on through good greenwood,
As fast as they cou'd gang.
- 32 They journey'd on through good greenwood,
They journey'd northward on,
Till they came to a shepherd May,
Was feeding her flocks alone.
- 33 The lady said—"My bonnie May,
If you will come with me,
And carry my young son in your arms,
Rewarded you will be.
- 34 "The gowns were shapen for my wear,
They shall be sewed for thee,
And you will get a braw Scotsman
Your husband for to be."

- 35 When they came on to Willie's yetts,
Beyond the Solway sea,
The news of their arrival spread
Like wild fire o'er the lea.
- 36 Then many a stout and stalwart knight,
And many a stately dame,
The lord and lady of Douglas-dale
With joy did welcome hame.
- 37 And many a bold and warlike youth,
And many a maiden fair,
The lord and lady of Douglas-dale
Right gaily welcomed there.
- 38 The bonnie May they brought with them,
She got a braw Scots man;
And the children that her lady bare,
She nursed them every one.
- 39 Earl Willie and fair Oliphant
Lang happy lived, I ween,
Ere in the kirk of sweet Saint Bride
Their graves grew fresh and green.
-

THE SANG OF THE OUTLAW MURRAY.

From Scott's *Minstrelsy*, vol. i., p. 369.

"This ballad appears to have been composed about the reign of James V. It commemorates a transaction supposed to have taken place betwixt a Scottish monarch, and an ancestor of the ancient family of Murray of Philiphaugh, in Selkirkshire. The editor is unable to ascertain the historical foundation of the tale; nor is it probable that any light can be thrown upon the subject, without an accurate examination of the family charter chest. It is certain, that, during the civil wars betwixt Bruce and Baliol, the family of Philiphaugh existed and was powerful; for their ancestor, Archibald de Moravia, subscribes the oath of fealty to Edward I., A.D. 1296. It is, therefore, not unlikely, that, residing in a wild and frontier country, they may have, at one period or other, during these commotions, refused allegiance to the feeble monarch of the day, and thus extorted from him some grant of territory or jurisdiction.

"The merit of this beautiful old tale, it is thought, will be fully acknowledged. It has been, for ages, a popular song in Selkirkshire. The scene is, by the common people, supposed to have been the castle of Newark, upon Yarrow. This is highly improbable, because Newark

was always a royal fortress. Indeed, the late excellent antiquarian, Mr. Plummer, sheriff depute of Selkirkshire, has assured the editor that he remembered the *insignia* of the unicorns, &c., so often mentioned in the ballad, in existence upon the old tower of Hangingshaw, the seat of the Philiphaugh family, although, upon first perusing a copy of the ballad, he was inclined to subscribe to the popular opinion. The tower of Hangingshaw has been demolished for many years. It stood in a romantic and solitary situation, on the classical banks of the Yarrow. When the mountains around Hangingshaw were covered with the wild copse which constituted a Scottish forest, a more secure stronghold for an outlawed baron can hardly be imagined.

"The tradition of Ettrick Forest bears, that the Outlaw was a man of prodigious strength, possessing a baton or club, with which he laid lee (*i. e.*, waste) the country for many miles round; and that he was, at length, slain by Buccleuch, or some of his clan, at a little mount, covered with fir-trees, adjoining to Newark castle, and said to have been a part of the garden. A varying tradition bears the place of his death to have been near to the house of the Duke of Buccleuch's game-keeper, beneath the castle; and, that the fatal arrow was shot by Scott of Haining, from the ruins of a cottage on the opposite side of the Yarrow. There was extant, within these twenty years, some verses of a song on his death. The feud betwixt the Outlaw and the Scotts may serve to explain the asperity, with which the chieftain of that clan is handled in the ballad.

"In publishing the following ballad, the copy principally resorted to is one, apparently of considerable antiquity, which was found among the papers of the late Mrs. Cockburn, of Edinburgh, a lady whose memory will be long honoured by all who knew her.* Another copy, much more imperfect, is to be found in Glenriddel's MS. The names are in this last miserably mangled, as is always the case when ballads are taken down from the recitation of persons, living at a distance from the scenes in which they are laid. Mr. Plummer also gave the editor a few additional verses, not contained in either copy, which are thrown into what seemed their proper place. There is yet another copy, in Mr. Herd's MSS., which has been occasionally made use of. Two verses are restored in the present edition from the recitation of Mr. Mungo Park, whose toils, during his patient and intrepid travels in Africa, have not eradicated from his recollection the legendary lore of his native country.

"The arms of the Philiphaugh family are said by tradition to allude to their outlawed state. They are indeed those of a huntsman, and are blazoned thus: Argent, a hunting horn sable, stringed and garnished gules, on a chief azure, three stars of the first. Crest, a Demi Forrester, winding his horn, proper. Motto, 'Hinc usque superna venabor.'"—Sir Walter Scott.

[Another copy, as given "from an old manuscript in the Philiphaugh charter-chest," and supposed to have "been written" or copied "between the years 1689 and 1702," appears in Aytoun's *Ballads of Scotland*, vol. ii., p. 129. The copy above referred to as "in Mr.

* [Authoress of the "Flowers of the Forest,"—

"I've seen the smiling," &c.]

Herd's MSS.,” has since passed into the hands of Mr. Maidment, by whom it has been inserted in his *Scottish Ballads and Songs*, vol. ii., p. 66.

The differences between these three copies are immaterial, but the *Minstrelsy* copy is the most complete, and therefore the preferable version.]

- 1 ETRICK Forest is a fair forest,
 In it grows many a seemly tree;
 There's hart and hind, and dae and rae,
 And of all wild beasts great plentie.
- 2 There's a fair castle, bigg'd with lime and stane;
 Oh, gin it stands not pleasantlie!
 In the forefront of that castle fair,
 Twa unicorns re braw to see.
- 3 There's the picture of a knight, and a ladye bright,
 And the green hollin abune their brie;
 There an Outlaw keeps five hundred men,
 He keeps a royal companie!
- 4 His merry men are all in ae livery clad,
 Of the Lincoln green sae gay to see;
 He and his ladye, in purple clad,
 Oh, gin they lived not royallie!
- 5 Word is gane to our noble king,
 In Edinburgh, where that he lay,
 That there was an Outlaw in Ettrick Forest,
 Counted him nought, nor all his courtrie gay.
- 6 “I make a vow,” then the gude king said,
 “Unto the man that dear bought me,
 I'se either be king of Ettrick Forest,
 Or king of Scotland that Outlaw shall be!”
- 7 Then spake the lord, hight Hamilton,*
 And to the noble king said he,—
 “My sovereign prince, some counsel take,
 First at your nobles, syne at me.
- 8 “I redd ye, send yon braw Outlaw till,
 And see gif your man come will he:
 Desire him come and be your man,
 And hold of you yon Forest free.

* This is, in most copies, the *Earl* hight Hamilton, which must be a mistake of the reciters, as the family did not enjoy that title till 1503.

- 9 "Gif he refuses to do that,
We'll conqness baith his lands and he!
Or else, we'll throw his castle down,
And make a widow of his gay ladye."
- 10 The king then call'd a gentleman,
James Boyd (the Earl of Arran his brother was he);*
When James he came before the king,
He knelt before him on his knee.
- 11 "Welcome, James Boyd!" said our noble king,
"A message ye maun gang for me;
Ye maun hie to Ettrick Forest,
To yon Outlaw, where bideth he.
- 12 "Ask him of whom he halds his lands,
Or man, wha may his master be;
And desire him come and be my man,
And hald of me yon Forest free.
- 13 "To Edinburgh to come and gang,
His safe warrant I shall gi'e;
And gif he refuses to do that,
We'll conqness baith his lands and he.
- 14 "Thou may'st vow I'll cast his castle down,
And make a widow of his gay ladye;
I'll hang his merry men, pair by pair,
In ony frith where I may them see."
- 15 James Boyd took his leave of the noble king;
To Ettrick Forest fair came he;
Down Birkendale Brae when that he came,†
He saw the fair Forest with his e'e.
- 16 Baith dae and rae, and hart and hind,
And of all wild beasts great plentie;
He heard the bows that bauldly ring,
And arrows whidderan' him near by.

* Thomas Boyd, Earl of Arran, was forfeited, with his father and uncle, in 1469, for an attempt on the person of James III. He had a son James, who was restored, and in favour with James IV., about 1482. If this be the person here meant, we should read, "The Earl of Arran his son was he." Glenriddel's copy reads, "A Highland laird I'm sure was he." Reciters sometimes call the messenger, the Laird of Skene.

† Birkendale Brae, now commonly called Birkendailly, is a steep descent on the south side of Minch-Moor, which separates Tweeddale from Ettrick Forest, and from the top of which you have the first view of the woods of Hangingshaw, the Castle of Newark, and the romantic dale of Yarrow.

- 17 Of that fair castle he got a sight ;
The like he ne'er saw with his e'e !
On the fore front of that castle fair
Twa unicorns were gay to see.
- 18 The picture of a knight, and a ladye bright,
And the green hollin abune their brie ;
Thereat he spy'd five hundred men,
Shooting their bows on Newark Lee.
- 19 They were all in ae liv'ry clad,
Of the Lincoln green sae gay to see ;
His men were all clad in the green,
The knight was armed capapie,
- 20 With a bended bow, on a milk-white steed,
And I wot they rank'd right bonnilie ;
Thereby Boyd kenn'd he was master man,
And serv'd him in his ain degree :
- 21 " God mot thee save, brave Outlaw Murray !
Thy ladye, and all thy chivalrie !"
" Marry, thou 's welcome, gentleman,
Some king's messenger thou seems to be."
- 22 " The king of Scotland sent me here,
And, gude Outlaw, I am sent to thee ;
I wou'd wot of whom ye hold your lands,
Or man, wha may thy master be ?"
- 23 " Thir* lands are MINE !" the Outlaw said ;
" I ken nae king in Christentie ;
Frae Southron I this Forest wan,
When the king nor his knights were not to see."
- 24 " He desires you'll come to Edinburgh,
And hold of him this Forest free ;
And, gif [that] ye refuse to do this,
He'll conquess baith thy lands and thee ;
He hath vow'd to cast thy castle down,
And make a widow of thy gay ladye.
- 25 " He'll hang thy merry men, pair by pair,
In ony frith where he may them find."
" Aye, by my troth !" the Outlaw said,
" Then wou'd I think me far behind.

* "Thir:" these.

- 26 "E'er the king my fair countrie get,
This land that's nativest to me,
Mony of his nobles shall be cauld,
Their ladyes shall be right wearie."
- 27 Then spake his ladye, fair of face,
She said—"Without consent of me
That an Outlaw should come before a King;
I am right rad* of treasonrie:
Bid him be gude to his lords at hame,
For Edinburgh my lord shall never see."
- 28 James Boyd took his leave of the Outlaw keen,
To Edinburgh boun' is he;
And when he came before the king,
He knelt lowly on his knee.
- 29 "Welcome, James Boyd!" said our noble king;
"What Forest is Ettrick Forest free?"
"Ettrick Forest is the fairest Forest
That ever man saw with his e'e.
- 30 "There's the dae, the rae, the hart, the hynd,
And of all wild beasts great plentie;
There's a pretty castle of lime and stane;
Oh, gif it stands not pleasantlie!
- 31 "There's in the forefront of that castle
Twa unicorns, sae braw to see;
There's the picture of a knight, and a ladye bright,
With the green hollin abune their bree.
- 32 "There the Outlaw keeps five hundred men;
He keeps a royal companie!
His merry men in ae liv'ry clad,
Of the Lincoln green sae gay to see;
He and his ladye, in purple clad,
Oh, gin they live not royallie!
- 33 "He says, yon Forest is his own;
He wan it frae the Southronie;
Sae as he wan it, sae will he keep it,
Contrair all kings in Christentie."
- 34 "Gar warn me Perthshire, and Angus baith:
Fife up and down, and the Lothians three,
And graith my horse!" said the noble king,
"For to Ettrick Forest hie will I me."

* "Rad:" in dread.

- 35 Then word is gane the Outlaw till,
In Ettrick Forest, where dwelleth he,
That the king was coming to his countrie,
To conqness baith his lands and he.
- 36 "I make a vow," the Outlaw said,
"I make a vow, and that trulie,
Were there but three men to take my part,
Yon king's coming full dear shou'd be!"
- 37 Then messengers he called forth,
And bade them hie them speedily:
"Ane of ye gae to Halliday,
The laird of the Corehead is he.
- 38 "He certain is my sister's son;
Bid him come quick and succour me!
The king comes on for Ettrick Forest,
And landless men we all will be."
- 39 "What news? what news?" said Halliday,
"Man, frae thy master unto me?"
"Not as we wou'd; seeking your aid;
The king's his mortal enemy."
- 40 "Aye, by my troth!" said Halliday,
"Even for that it repenteth me;
For gif he lose fair Ettrick Forest,
He'll take fair Moffatdale frae me.*
- 41 "I'll meet him with five hundred men,
And surely mair, if mae may be;
And before he gets the Forest fair,
We all will die on Newark Lee!"
- 42 The Outlaw call'd a messenger,
And bid him hie him speedilie,
To Andrew Murray of Cockpool: †
"That man's a dear cousin to me;
Desire him come, and make me aid,
With all the power that he may be."
- 43 "It stands me hard," Andrew Murray said,
"Judge gif it stands na hard with me;

* This is a place at the head of Moffat-water, possessed of old by the family of Halliday.

† This family were ancestors of the Murrays, Earls of Annandale; but the name of the representative in the time of James IV. was William, not Andrew. *Glenriddel's MS.* reads, "the country-keeper."

- To enter against a king with crown,
And set my lands in jeopardy!
Yet, if I come not on the day,
Surely at night he shall me see."
- 44 To Sir James Murray of Traquair,*
A message came right speedilie:
"What news? what news?" James Murray said,
"Man, frae thy master unto me?"
- 45 "What needs I tell? for weel ye ken
The king's his mortal enemy;
And now he is coming to Ettrick Forest,
And landless men ye all will be."
- 46 "And, by my troth," James Murray said,
"With that Outlaw will I live and die;
The king has gifted my lands lang syne—
It cannot be nae worse with me."
- 47 The king was coming thro' Caddon Ford,†
And full five thousand men was he;
They saw the dark Forest them before;
They thought it awesome for to see.
- 48 Then spake the lord, hight Hamilton,
And to the noble king said he,—
"My sovereign liege, some counsel take,
First at your nobles, syne at me.
- 49 "Desire him meet thee at Penmanscore,
And bring four in his companie;
Five earls shall gang yourself before,
Gude cause that you shou'd honour'd be.
- 50 "And, gif he refuses to do that,
We'll conquest baith his lands and he;
There shall never a Murray, after him,
Hold land in Ettrick Forest free."

* Before the Barony of Traquair became the property of the Stewarts, it belonged to a family of Murrays, afterwards Murrays of Black-barony, and ancestors of Lord Elibank. The old castle was situated on the Tweed. The lands of Traquair were forfeited by Willielmus de Moravia, previous to 1464; for, in that year, a charter, proceeding upon his forfeiture, was granted by the crown "Willielmo Douglas de Cluny." Sir James was, perhaps, the heir of William Murray. It would further seem, that the grant in 1464 was not made effectual by Douglas, for another charter from the crown, dated the 3d February, 1478, conveys the estate of Traquair to James Stewart, Earl of Buchan, son to the Black Knight of Lorne, and maternal uncle to James III., from whom is descended the present Earl of Traquair. The first royal grant not being followed by possession, it is very possible that the Murrays may have continued to occupy Traquair long after the date of that charter. Hence, Sir James might have reason to say, as in the ballad—"The king has gifted my lands lang syne."

† A ford on the Tweed, at the mouth of the Caddon Burn, near Yair.

- 51 Then spake the keen laird of Buccleuch,
A stalworth man and stern was he:
"For a king to gang an Outlaw till,
Is beneath his state and his dignitie.
- 52 "The man that wons yon Forest intil,
He lives by reif and felonie!
Wherefore, braid on, my sovereign liege!
With fire and sword we'll follow thee;
Or, gif your courtrie lords fall back,
Our borderers shall the onset gi'e."
- 53 Then out and spake the noble king,
And round him cast a wilie e'e:
"Now haud thy tongue, Sir Walter Scott,
Nor speak of reif nor felonie;
For had every honest man his own kye,
A right puir clan thy name wou'd be!"
- 54 The king then call'd a gentleman,
Royal banner-bearer there was he;
James Hop Pringle of Torsonse, by name;*
He came and knelt upon his knee.
- 55 "Welcome, James Pringle of Torsonse!
A message ye maun gang for me;
Ye maun gae to yon Outlaw Murray,
Surely where bauldly bide'n he.
- 56 "Bid him meet me at Penmanscore,
And bring four in his companie;
Five earls shall come with mysel',
Gude reason I shou'd honour'd be.
- 57 "And, gif he refuses to do that,
Bid him look for nae gude of me!
There shall never a Murray, after him,
Have land in Ettrick Forest free."
- 58 James came before the Outlaw keen,
And serv'd him in his ain degree:
"Welcome, James Pringle of Torsonse,
What message frae the king to me?"

* The honourable name of Pringle, or Hoppringle, is of great antiquity in Roxburghshire and Selkirkshire. The old tower of Torsonse is situated upon the banks of the Gala. There are three other ancient and distinguished families of this name—those of Whitebank, Clifton, and Torwoodlee.

- 59 "He bids ye meet him at Penmanscore,*
And bring four in your companie;
Five earls shall gang himsel' before,
Nae mair in number will he be.
- 60 "And, gif you refuse to do that,
(I freely here upgive with thee,)
He'll cast yon bonnie castle down,
And make a widow of that gay ladye.
- 61 "He'll loose yon bluidhound borderers,
With fire and sword to follow thee;
There will never a Murray, after thysel',
Have land in Ettrick Forest free."
- 62 "It stands me hard," the Outlaw said;
"Judge gif it stands na hard with me!
Wha reck not losing of mysel',
But all my offspring after me.
- 63 "My merry men's lives, my widow's tears—
There lies the pang that pinches me!
When I am straught in bluidie eard,
Yon castle will be right drearie.
- 64 "Auld Halliday, young Halliday,
Ye shall be twa to gang with me;
Andrew Murray, and Sir James Murray,
We'll be nae mae in companie."
- 65 When that they came before the king,
They fell before him on their knee:
"Grant mercie, mercie, noble king!
E'en for his sake that died on tree."

* Commonly called Permanscore, is a hollow on the top of a high ridge of hills, dividing the vales of Tweed and Yarrow, a little to the eastward of Minch-Moor. It is the outermost point of the lands of Broadmeadows. The Glenriddel MS., which, in this instance, is extremely inaccurate as to names, calls the place of rendezvous "The Poor Man's House," and hints that the Outlaw was surprised by the treachery of the king:—

"Then he was aware of the King's coming,
With hundreds three in company.
I wot the muckle deel
He learned kings to lie!
For to fetch me here frae amang my men,
Here, like a dog, for to die."

I believe the reader will think, with me, that the catastrophe is better, as now printed from Mrs. Cockburn's copy. The deceit, supposed to be practised on the Outlaw, is unworthy of the military monarch, as he is painted in the ballad; especially if we admit him to be King James IV.

- 66 "Siccen like mercie shall ye have:
On gallows ye shall hangit be!"
"Over God forbode," quoth the Outlaw then,
"I hope your grace will better be!
Else ere ye come to Edinburgh port,
I trow thin guarded shall ye be.
- 67 "Thir lands of Ettrick Forest fair,
I wan them from the enemy;
Like as I wan them, sae will I keep them,
Contrair all kings in Christentie."
- 68 All the nobles the king about,
Said—"Pitie it were to see him dee;"
"Yet grant me mercie, sovereign Prince!
Extend your favour unto me!
- 69 "I'll give thee the keys of my castle,
With the blessings of my gay ladye,
Gin thou'lt make me sheriff of this Forest,
And all my offspring after me."
- 70 "Wilt thou give me the keys of thy castle,
With the blessing of thy gay ladye?
I'se make thee sheriff of Ettrick Forest,
Surely while upwards grows the tree:
If you be not traitor to the king,
Forfaulted shalt thou never be."
- 71 "But, Prince, what shall come of my men?
When I gae back, traitor they'll call me.
I had rather lose my life and land,
Ere my merry men rebuked me."
- 72 "Will your merry men amend their lives?
And all their pardons I grant thee.
Now, name thy lands where'er they lie,
And here I RENDER them to thee."
- 73 "Fair Philiphaugh is mine by right,*
And Lewinshope still mine shall be;
Newark, Foulshiells, and Tinnies baith,
My bow and arrow purchas'd me.

* In this and the following verse, the ceremony of feudal investiture is supposed to be gone through, by the Outlaw resigning his possessions into the hands of the king, and receiving them back, to be held of him as superior. The lands of Philiphaugh are still possessed by the Outlaw's representative. Hangingshaw and Lewinshope were sold of late years. Newark, Foulshiells, and Tinnies, have long belonged to the family of Buccleuch.

- 74 "And I have native steads to me,
The Newark Lee and Hangingshaw.
I have mony steads in the Forest shaw,
But them by name I dinna know."
- 75 The keys of the castle he gave the king,
With the blessing of his fair ladye;
He was made sheriff of Ettrick Forest,
Surely while upwards grows the tree,
And if he was na traitor to the king,
Forfaulted he shou'd never be.
- 76 Wha ever heard, in ony times,
Siccen an Outlaw in his degree,
Sic favour get before a king,
As did the OUTLAW MURRAY of the Forest free?

JOHNNIE OF BREADISLEE.

"History is silent with regard to this young Nimrod. 'He appears,' says the editor of the *Border Minstrelsy*, 'to have been an outlaw and deer-stealer,—probably one of the broken men residing upon the border. It is sometimes said that this outlaw possessed the old Castle of Morton, in Dumfriesshire, now ruinous.' Another tradition assigns Braid, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, to have been the scene of his 'woeful hunting.'"—Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 17.

Versions of the ballad have appeared as under :—

- I. "Johnie of Breadislee," in Scott's *Minstrelsy*, vol. iii., p. 114, collated from "several different copies, in one of which the principal personage is called 'Johnie of Cockielaw.' The stanzas of greatest merit have been selected from each copy."—Scott.
- II. "Johnny Cock," consisting of fragments of two versions, as given in Fry's *Pieces of Ancient Poetry*, Bristol, 1814, p. 55.*
- III. "Johnie of Braidisbank," in Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 17.
- IV. "Johnie of Cocklesmuir," in Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 36.

* These fragments are copied from a 4to MS. purchased in Glasgow, "in the year 1810," which MS. appears to have been "the text-book of some illiterate drummer." The editor, Mr. Fry, supposes, with great probability, that this is the ballad of "Johnny Cox," mentioned by Ritson in these terms:—"The Rev. Mr. Boyd, the ingenious translator of Dante, has a faint recollection of a ballad on some Armstrong (not the well-known ballad of 'Johnny Armstrong,' in Ramsay's *Evergreen*); another, called 'Johnny Cox;' and another, 'of a Scotch Minstrel who stole a horse from some of the Henries of England.' The first of these ballads is possibly the famous old border song of 'Dick o' the Cow,' quoted by Mr. Pennant (*Tour*, 1772, part ii., p. 276), and printed at length in the *Poetical Museum*, Hawick, 1784."—Ritson's *Scottish Song*, Historical Essay, p. xxxvi., note.

- V. "Johnnie of Cocklesmuir," in *Scottish Traditional Versions of Ancient Ballads* (Percy Society, vol. xvii., p. 77). This last closely resembles Kinloch's version; both terminate happily for "Johnnie," and both repeat the last line of each stanza, as a kind of refrain.

Mr. Kinloch's (IV.) concludes thus:—

"He has killed six o' the proud foresters,
And wounded the seventh sair;
He laid his leg out ower his steed,
Says—"I will kill nae mair, mair."

And Mr. Buchan's (V.):—

"His mither's parrot i' the-window sat,
She whistled and she sang;
An' aye the owerturn o' the note,—
'Young Johnnie's biding lang, lang.'

"When this reachit the king's ain ears,
It griev'd him wond'rous sair;
Says—"I'd rather they'd hurt my subjects a',
Than Johnnie o' Cocklesmuir, muir."

"But where are a' my wa'-wight men,
That I pay meat an' fee?
We'll gang the morn to Johnnie's castle,
See how the cause may be, be."

"Then he's ca'd Johnnie up to court,
Treated him handsomelie;
An' noo, to hunt i' the Bride's Braidmuir,
For life he's licence free, free."

Dr. Chambers has also given a collated version, with some additional stanzas, "taken from the recitation of a lady resident at Peebles, and from a manuscript copy submitted to" him "by Mr. Kinloch."—*Scottish Ballads*, p. 183.

Scott's version is the one here followed; one stanza, however, has been deleted, and stanzas 2 and 6, from Kinloch, 18 from Motherwell, and 22 from Finlay, added. Some variations are also noted under the text.

- 1 JOHNNIE rose up in a May morning,
Call'd for water to wash his hands:
"Gae loose to me the gude gray dogs,
That are bound with iron bands.
- 2 "Ye'll busk, ye'll busk my noble dogs,
Ye'll busk and make them boun',
For I am going to Durisdeer,
To ding the dun deer down."
- 3 When Johnnie's mither gat word of that,
Her hands for dule she wrang:
"Oh, Johnnie, for my venison,
To the greenwood dinna gang."

- 4 "Enough ye ha'e of gude wheat bread,
And enough of the bluid-red wine;
And therefore, for nae venison, Johnnie,
I pray ye stir frae hame."*
- 5 But Johnnie busk'd up his gude bend bow,
His arrows ane by ane;
And he has gane to Durisdeer,
To hunt the dun deer down.
- 6 Johnnie look'd east, and Johnnie look'd west,
And a little below the sun;
And there he spied a dun deer sleeping
Aneath a bush of broom.
- 7 Johnnie he shot, and the dun deer lap,
And he wounded her on the side;
And atween the water and the wood,
His hounds they laid her pride.
- 8 And Johnnie has brittled the deer sae weel,
He's had out her liver and lungs;
And on these he has feasted his bluidy hounds,
As if they had been earls' sons.
- 9 They ate sae much of the venison,
And drank sae much of the bluid,
That Johnnie and all his bluidy hounds,
Fell asleep, as they had been dead.
- 10 And by there came a silly auld carle—
An ill death mote he dee!
For he's awa to Hislinton,†
To tell what he did see.
- 11 "What news, what news, ye silly auld carle,
What news ha'e ye to me?"
"Nae news, nae news," quo' the silly auld carle,
"Save what my een did see.

* "Your meat shall be of the very, very best,
And your drink of the finest wine;
And ye will win your mither's benison,
Gin ye wad stay at hame."

"His mither's counsel he wadna tak,
Nor wad he stay at hame."—Kinloch's version.

† "And he's aff to the proud forester's," &c.—Kinloch.

- 12 "As I came down by Merrimass,
And down amang the scroggs,*
The bonniest youth that e'er I saw,
Lay sleeping amang his dogs.
- 13 "The shirt that was upon his back
Was of the Holland fine;
And the doublet which was over that
Was of the Lincoln twine.
- 14 "The buttons that were on his sleeves
Were of the gowd sae gude;
The gude greyhounds he lay amang,
Their mouths were dyed in bluid."
- 15 Then out and spake the first forester,
The head man ower them a':
"If this be Johnnie o' Braidislee,
Nae nearer him we'll draw."
- 16 Then out and spake the next forester,
(His sister's son was he):
"If this be Johnnie o' Braidislee,
We soon shall gar him dee!"
- 17 The first flight of arrows the foresters shot,
They wounded him on the knee;
And out and spake the seventh forester,—
"The next will gar him dee."
- 18 They waken'd Johnnie out of his sleep,
And he's drawn to him his coat:
"My fingers five, save me alive,
And a stout heart fail me not."†
- 19 Johnnie set his back against an aik,
His foot against a stane;
And he has slain the seven foresters,
He has slain them all but ane.
- 20 He has broke three ribs in that ane's side,
But and his collar-bane;
He's laid him twa-fold ower his steed,
Bade him carry the tidings hame.‡

* "Scroggs:" stunted trees.

† "But fingers five, come here [come here],
And faint heart fail me nought!
And silver strings, value me sma' things,
Till I get all this vengeance rought!"—Johnny Cook.

‡ "Then Johnnie kill'd six foresters,
And wounded the seventh sair;
Then drew a stroke at the silly auld man,
That word he ne'er spak mair."—Buchan's version.

- 21 "Oh, is there no a bonnie bird,
Can sing as I can say?
Can flee awa to my mither's bow'r,
And tell to fetch Johnnie away?
- 22 "[Is] there no a bird in all this Forest
Will do as meikle for me,
As dip its wing in the wan water,
And straik it on my e'e-bree?"*
- 23 The starling flew to his mither's window,
It whistled and it sang;
And aye the owerword of the tune
Was—"John tarries lang!"
- 24 They made a rod of the hazel bush,
Another of the slae-thorn tree;
And mony, mony were the men
At fetching our Johnnie.
- 25 Then out and spake his auld mither,
And fast her tears did fa':
"Ye wou'dna be warned, my son Johnnie,
Frae the hunting to bide awa.
- 26 "Aft ha'e I brocht to Braidislee
The less gear and the mair;
But I ne'er brocht to Braidislee
What grieved my heart sae sair.
- 27 "But wae betide that silly auld carle,
An ill death shall he dee;
For the highest tree in Merrimass
Shall be his morning fee."
- 28 Now Johnnie's gude bend-bow is broke,
And his gude gray dogs are slain;
And his body lies dead in Durisdeer,
And his hunting it is done.

THE LAIRD OF MUIRHEAD.

From Scott's *Minstrelsy*, vol. iii., p. 341.

"This ballad is a fragment from Mr. Herd's MS., communicated to him by J. Grossett Muirhead, Esq. of Breadesholm, near Glasgow;

* This stanza, which describes expressively the languor of approaching death, is derived from Finlay's *Scottish Ballads*, vol. i., p. xxxi.

who stated that he extracted it, as relating to his own family, from the complete Song, in which the names of twenty or thirty gentlemen were mentioned, contained in a large collection, belonging to Mr. Alexander Monro, merchant of Lisbon, but supposed now to be lost.

"It appears, from the Appendix to Nisbet's *Heraldry*, p. 264, that Muirhead of Lachop and Bullis, the person here called the Laird of Muirhead, was a man of rank, being rentaller, or perhaps feuar, of many crown-lands in Galloway; and was, in truth, slain in 'Campo Belli de Northumberland sub vexillo Regis,' i. e., in the Field of Flodden."—Scott.

- 1 AFORE the king in order stude
 The stout laird of Muirhead,
 Wi' that same twa-hand muckle sword
 That Bartram fell'd stark dead.
- 2 He sware he wadna lose his right
 To fight in ilka field;
 Nor budge him from his liege's sight,
 Till his last gasp should yield.
- 3 Twa hunder mair of his ain name,
 Frae Torwood and the Clyde,
 Sware they would never gang to hame,
 But a' die by his syde.
- 4 And wond'rous weel they kept their troth;
 This sturdy royal band
 Rush'd down the brae, wi' sic a pith,
 That nane could them withstand.
- 5 Mony a bloody blow they dealt,
 The like was never seen;
 And hadna that braw leader fall'n,
 They ne'er had slain the king.

LAMENT FOR FLODDEN.

The following Lament relates to the death of a lover on the fatal field of Flodden, where the gallant but quixotic James IV. fell, with the flower of the Scottish nobility, A.D. 1513.

Two beautiful songs, under the title of "The Flowers of the Forest," the one written by Miss Elliot, and the other by Mrs. Cockburn, *née* Rutherford, appear in the companion volume of *Scottish Songs*. They are both usually supposed to have the battle of Flodden for the theme of their lamentation; but the one by Mrs. Cockburn, beginning—

"I've seen the smiling
 Of Fortune beguiling,"

is stated not to have been written on that event. It, however, chimes in with it so naturally, that it is no marvel it should be supposed to relate thereto.

Both of these songs may be found together in Herd's *Scottish Songs*, vol. i., p. 45, where they are conjoined under the title of "Flodden Field," along with a doggrel prelude, beginning—

"From Spey to the border, was peace and good order,
The sway of our monarch was mild as the May;
Peace he adored, whilk Soudrons abhorred,
Our marches they plunder, our wardens they slay."

Among the "sueit melodius sangis of natural music of the antiquite," mentioned in *The Complaynt of Scotland*, as sung by the "scheiphirdis and their vyuis," there occurs, "My Luf is laid apon ane Knycht," which very nearly coincides with the first line of the following Lament. It might very appropriately be begun and ended with the four beautiful lines of Leyden's "Ode on visiting Flodden," which Scott adopted for the motto to "Marmion: a Tale of Flodden Field:"—

"Alas! that Scottish maid should sing
The combat where her lover fell!
That Scottish bard should wake the string,
The triumph of our foes to tell."

—Scott's *Minstrelsy*, vol. iii., p. 345.

- 1 My love was laid upon a knight,
A noble knight of high degree;
Upon a knight of valour bright,
Who also laid his love on me.
- 2 I loved him for his manly form,
Majestic port and noble mien;
His glittering sword, in war's wild storm,
Was ever first in battle keen.
- 3 For country, king, or ladye bright,
His blade he ever boldly drew;
Yet, tho' he was a warlike knight,
His heart was gentle, kind, and true.
- 4 But, ah! on Flodden's fatal plain,
Where Scotland's best and bravest fell,
My own true knight lay 'mid the slain,
The gallant knight I loved so well.
- 5 The memory of that fatal day
Deep graven on my heart shall be,
Till death shall summon me away,
To join again my love and me.

JOHNNIE ARMSTRANG.

From Ramsay's *Evergreen*, vol. ii., p. 190.

"Johnnie Armstrong, of Gilnockie, the hero of the following ballad, is a noted personage, both in history and tradition. He was, it would seem from the ballad, a brother of the Laird of Mangertoun, chief of the name. His place of residence (now a roofless tower) was at the Hollows, a few miles from Langholm, where its ruins still serve to adorn a scene which, in natural beauty, has few equals in Scotland. At the head of a desperate band of freebooters, this Armstrong is said to have spread the terror of his name almost as far as Newcastle, and to have levied black-mail, or protection and forbearance money, for many miles round. James V., of whom it was long remembered by his grateful people that he made the 'rush-bush keep the cow,' about 1529, undertook an expedition through the Border counties, to suppress the turbulent spirit of the Marchmen. But before setting out upon his journey, he took the precaution of imprisoning the different Border chieftains, who were the chief protectors of the marauders. The Earl of Bothwell was forfeited, and confined in Edinburgh castle. The lords of Home and Maxwell, the lairds of Buccleuch, Fairniherst, and Johnston, with many others, were also committed to ward. Cockburn of Henderland, and Adam Scott of Tushielaw, called the King of the Border, were publicly executed.—*Lesley*, p. 430. The king then marched rapidly forward, at the head of a flying army of ten thousand men, through Ettrick Forest and Ewsdale. The evil genius of our Johnnie Armstrong, or, as others say, the private advice of some courtiers, prompted him to present himself before James, at the head of thirty-six horse, arrayed in all the pomp of Border chivalry. Pitscottie uses nearly the words of the ballad, in describing the splendour of his equipment, and his high expectations of favour from the king. 'But James, looking upon him sternly, said to his attendants, "What wants that knave that a king should have?" and ordered him and his followers to instant execution.'—'But John Armstrong,' continues this minute historian, 'made great offers to the king. That he should sustain himself, with forty gentlemen, ever ready at his service, on their own cost, without wronging any Scottishman: secondly, that there was not a subject in England, duke, earl, or baron, but, within a certain day, he should bring him to his majestie, either quick or dead.* At length, he,

* The Borderers, from their habits of life, were capable of most extraordinary exploits of this nature. In the year 1511, Sir Robert Ker of Cessford, Warden of the Middle Marches of Scotland, was murdered at a Border meeting, by the Bastard Heron, Starhead, and Lilburn. The English monarch delivered up Lilburn to justice in Scotland, but Heron and Starhead escaped. The latter chose his residence in the very centre of England, to baffle the vengeance of Ker's clan and followers. Two dependants of the deceased, called Tuit, were deputed by Andrew Ker of Cessford to revenge his father's murder. They travelled through England in various disguises, till they discovered the place of Starhead's retreat, murdered him in his bed, and brought his head in triumph to Edinburgh, where Ker caused it to be exposed at the Cross. The Bastard Heron would have shared the same fate, had he not spread abroad a report of his having died of the plague, and caused his funeral obsequies to be performed.—*Ridpath's History*, p. 481. See also *Metrical Account of the Battle of Flodden*, published by the Rev. Mr. Lambe.

seeing no hope of favour, said very proudly, "It is folly to seek grace at a graceless face ; but," said he, "had I known this, I should have lived upon the Borders in despite of King Harry and you both ; for I know King Harry would downweigh my best horse with gold to know that I were condemned to die this day."—Pitcottie's *History*, p. 145. Johnnie and all his retinue were accordingly hanged upon growing trees, at a place called Carlenrig Chapel, about ten miles above Hawick, on the high road to Langholm. The country people believe, that, to manifest the injustice of the execution, the trees withered away. Armstrong and his followers were buried in a deserted churchyard, where their graves are still shown.

"As this Border hero was a person of great note in his way, he is frequently alluded to by the writers of the time. Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, in the curious play published by Mr. Pinkerton, from the Bannatyne MS., introduces a pardoner, or knavish dealer in relics, who produces, among his holy rarities—

—'The cordis, baith grit and lang,
Quhilk hangit Johnie Armstrang,
Of gude hempt, soft and sound.
Gude haly pepil, I stand ford,
Wha'evir beis hangid in this cord,
Neidis never to be drowned!'

—Pinkerton's *Scottish Poems*, vol. ii., p. 69.

"In *The Complaynt of Scotland*, John Armistrangis' Dance, mentioned as a popular tune, has probably some reference to our hero.

"The common people of the high parts of Teviotdale, Liddesdale, and the country adjacent, hold the memory of Johnnie Armstrong in very high respect. They affirm, also, that one of his attendants broke through the king's guard, and carried to Gilnockie tower the news of the bloody catastrophe.

"It is fortunate for the admirers of the old ballad that it did not fall into Ramsay's hands when he was equipping with new sets of words the old Scottish tunes in his *Tea-Table Miscellany*. Since his time it has been often reprinted."*—Scott's *Minstrelsy*, vol. i., p. 392.

[The ballad which follows, resembles, in many respects, "The Sang of the Outlaw Murray," *ante*, p. 8. The conduct of the respective kings towards, and the fate of, the two Outlaws, are, however, very different.]

- 1 SOME speak of lords, some speak of lairds,
And sic like men of high degree;
Of a gentleman I sing a sang,
Some time call'd Laird of Gilnockie.
- 2 The king he writes a loving letter,
With his ain hand sae tenderlie,
And he hath sent it to Johnnie Armstrang,
To come and speak with him speedilie.

* [This remark will probably recall to the mind of its reader the well-known adage about the pot calling the kettle black.]

- 3 The Elliots and Armstrangs did convene,
They were a gallant companie :
"We'll ride and meet our lawful king,
And bring him safe to Gilnockie.
- 4 "Make kinnen * and capon ready, then,
And venison in great plentie;
We'll welcome here our royal king;
I hope he'll dine at Gilnockie!"
- 5 They ran their horse on the Langholm hown,
And brake their spears with meikle main;
The ladies lookit frae their loft windows—
"God bring our men weel hame again!"
- 6 When Johnnie came before the king,
With all his men sae brave to see,
The king he moved his bonnet to him;
He ween'd he was a king as well as he.
- 7 "May I find grace, my sovereign liege,
Grace for my loyal men and me?
For my name it is Johnnie Armstrang,
And a subject of yours, my liege," said he.
- 8 "Away, away, thou traitor strang!
Out of my sight soon may'st thou be!
I granted never a traitor's life,
And now I'll not begin with thee."
- 9 "Grant me my life, my liege, my king!
And a bonnie gift I'll gi'e to thee;
Full four-and-twenty milk-white steeds,
Were all foal'd in ae year to me.
- 10 "I'll gi'e thee all these milk-white steeds,
That prance and nicher † at a spear;
And as meikle gude English gilt, ‡
As four of their braid backs dow § bear."
- 11 "Away, away, thou traitor strang!
Out of my sight soon may'st thou be!
I granted never a traitor's life,
And now I'll not begin with thee."

* "Kinnen:" rabbits.

‡ "Gilt:" gold.

† "Nicher:" neigh.

§ "Dow:" are able to.

- 12 "Grant me my life, my liege, my king!
And a bonnie gift I'll gi'e to thee:
Gude four-and-twenty ganging * mills,
That gang thro' all the year to me.
- 13 "These four-and-twenty mills complete,
Shall gang for thee thro' all the year;
And as meikle of gude red wheat,
As all their happers dow to bear."
- 14 "Away, away, thou traitor strang!
Out of my sight soon may'st thou be!
I granted never a traitor's life,
And now I'll not begin with thee."
- 15 "Grant me my life, my liege, my king!
And a great great gift I'll gi'e to thee:
Bauld four-and-twenty sisters' sons
Shall for thee fecht, tho' all shou'd flee."
- 16 "Away, away, thou traitor strang!
Out of my sight soon may'st thou be!
I granted never a traitor's life,
And now I'll not begin with thee."
- 17 "Grant me my life, my liege, my king!
And a brave gift I'll gi'e to thee:
All between here and Newcastle town
Shall pay their yearly rent to thee."
- 18 "Away, away, thou traitor strang!
Out of my sight soon may'st thou be!
I granted never a traitor's life,
And now I'll not begin with thee."
- 19 "Ye lied, ye lied, now, king," he says,
"Altho' a king and prince ye be!
For I've loved naething in my life,
I weel dare say it, but honestie.
- 20 "Save a fat horse, and a fair woman,
Twa bonnie dogs to kill a deer;
But England shou'd have found me meal and mault,
Gif I had lived this hundred year.
- 21 "She shou'd have found me meal and mault,
And beef and mutton in all plentie;
But never a Scots wife cou'd have said,
That e'er I skaith'd her a puir flee.

* "Ganging: ' going.

- 22 "To seek het water beneath cauld ice,
Surely it is a great follie:
I have ask'd grace at a graceless face,*
But there is nane for my men and me.
- 23 "But had I kenn'd, ere I came frae hame,
How unkind thou wou'dst been to me,
I wou'd ha'e keepit the Border side,
In spite of all thy force and thee.
- 24 "Wist England's king that I was ta'en,
Oh, gin a blythe man he wou'd be!
For ance I slew his sister's son,
And on his breast-bane brak a tree."
- 25 John wore a girdle about his middle,
Embroider'd o'er with burning gold,
Bespangled with the same metal,
Maist beautiful was to behold.
- 26 There hang nine targats † at Johnnie's hat,
And ilk ane worth three hundred pound:
"What wants that knave that a king shou'd have,
But the sword of honour and the crown?"
- 27 "Oh, where got thee these targats, Johnnie,
That blink sae brawly ‡ aboon thy brie?"
"I gat them in the field fechtin, §
Where, cruel king, thou durst not be.
- 28 "Had I my horse and harness gude,
And riding as I wont to be,
It shou'd have been tauld this hundred year,
The meeting of my king and me!
- 29 "God be with thee, Kirsty, || my brother,
Lang live thou laird of Mangertoun!
Lang may'st thou live on the Border side,
Ere thou see thy brother ride up and down!
- 30 "And God be with thee, Kirsty, my son,
Where thou sits on thy nurse's knee!
But an thou live this hundred year,
Thy father's better thou'lt never be.

* See "Young Waters," stanza 23, and note, *ante*, p. 453.

† "Targats:" tassels.

‡ "Blink sae brawly:" glance so bravely.

§ "Fechtun:" fighting.

|| "Kirsty:" Christopher.

- 31 "Farewell, my bonnie Gilnock hall,
Where on Esk side thou standest stout!
Gif I had lived but seven years mair,
I wou'd ha'e gilt thee round about."
- 32 John murder'd was at Carlinrigg,
And all his gallant companie;
But Scotland's heart was ne'er sae wae,
To see sae mony brave men die;
- 33 Because they saved their country dear
Frae Englishmen! Nane were sae bauld;
While Johnnie lived on the Border side,
Nane of them durst come near his hauld.

THE LAMENT OF THE BORDER WIDOW.

From Scott's *Minstrelsy*, vol. iii., p. 94.

"This fragment, obtained from recitation in the Forest of Ettrick, is said to relate to the execution of Cockburne of Henderland, a Border freebooter, hanged over the gate of his own tower, by James V., in the course of that memorable expedition, in 1529, which was fatal to Johnnie Armstrang, Adam Scott of Tushielaw, and many other marauders. The vestiges of the castle of Henderland are still to be traced upon the farm of that name, belonging to Mr. Murray of Henderland. They are situated near the mouth of the river Meggat, which falls into the lake of St. Mary, in Selkirkshire. The adjacent country, which now hardly bears a single tree, is celebrated by Lesley, as, in his time, affording shelter to the largest stags in Scotland. A mountain torrent, called Henderland Burn, rushes impetuously from the hills, through a rocky chasm, named the Dowglen, and passes near the site of the tower. To the recesses of this glen, the wife of Cockburne is said to have retreated, during the execution of her husband; and a place, called the Lady's Seat, is still shown, where she is said to have striven to drown, amid the roar of a foaming cataract, the tumultuous noise which announced the close of his existence. In a deserted burial-place, which once surrounded the chapel of the castle, the monument of Cockburne and his lady are still shown. It is a large stone, broken in three parts; but some armorial bearings may yet be traced, and the following inscription is still legible, though defaced:—

HERE LYES PERYS OF COCKBURNE AND HIS
WYFE MARJORY.

"Tradition says that Cockburne was surprised by the king while sitting at dinner. After the execution, James marched rapidly forward to surprise Adam Scott of Tushielaw, called the King of the Border, and sometimes the King of Thieves. A path through the

mountains, which separates the Vale of Ettrick from the head of Yarrow, is still called the King's Road, and seems to have been the route which he followed. The remains of the tower of Tushielaw are yet visible, overhanging the wild banks of the Ettrick; and are an object of terror to the benighted peasant, from an idea of their being haunted by spectres. From these heights, and through the adjacent county of Peebles, passes a wild path, called still the Thief's Road, from having been used chiefly by the marauders of the Border."—Scott.

Mr. Motherwell says:—"I am passing loath to deprive Scotland of the least remnant of her song; but this appears to me to be nothing else than a fragment of the English ballad, entitled, 'The Famous Flower of Serving-men; or, The Lady turn'd Serving-man.'"—*Minstrelsy*, Introduction, p. lxxxi., note 80.

A slightly varied version occurs in Chambers's *Scottish Songs*, vol. i., p. 174.

There is also a Highland lament, entitled, "Oh ono Chrìo," which appears in Johnson's *Museum*, vol. i., p. 90, wherein three or four lines of this ballad occur; and Burns mentions that "Dr. Blacklock informed" him "that this [latter] song was composed on the infamous massacre of Glencoe."*

- 1 My love he built me a bonnie bow'r,
And clad it all with lillie flow'r;
A brawer bow'r ye ne'er did see,
Than my true love he built for me.
- 2 There came a man, by middle day,
He spy'd his sport and went away;
And brought the king that very night,
Who brake my bow'r and slew my knight.
- 3 He slew my knight, to me sae dear;
He slew my knight, and poin'd † his gear;
My servants all for life did flee,
And left me in extremitie.
- 4 I sew'd his sheet, making my mane;
I watch'd the corpse, myself alane;
I watch'd his body night and day;
No living creature came that way.
- 5 I took his body on my back,
And whiles I gaed and whiles I sat;
I digg'd a grave, and laid him in,
And happ'd ‡ him with the sod sae green.

* Cromeek's *Reliques*.

† "Poin'd:" pointed—attached by legal distress.

‡ "Happ'd:" covered.

- 6 But think na ye my heart was sair,
When I laid the moul' on his yellow hair?
Oh, think na ye my heart was wae,
When I turn'd about away to gae?
- 7 Nae living man I'll love again,
Since that my lovely knight is slain;
With ae lock of his yellow hair
I'll chain my heart for evermair.

HUGHIE THE GRÆME.

From Scott's *Minstrelsy*, vol. iii., p. 107.

"The Græmes were a powerful and numerous clan, who chiefly inhabited the Debateable Land. They were said to be of Scottish extraction; and their chief claimed his descent from Malice, Earl of Stratherne. In military service they were more attached to England than to Scotland; but in their depredations on both countries, they appear to have been very impartial; for in the year 1600, the gentlemen of Cumberland alleged to Lord Scroope, 'that the Græmes, and their clans, with their children, tenants, and servants, were the chiefest actors in the spoil and decay of the country.' Accordingly, they were, at that time, obliged to give a bond of surety for each other's peaceable demeanour; from which bond their numbers appear to have exceeded four hundred men.—See Introduction to Nicolson's *History of Cumberland*, p. cviii.

"Richard Græme, of the family of Netherby, was one of the attendants upon Charles I. when Prince of Wales, and accompanied him upon his romantic journey through France and Spain. The following little anecdote, which then occurred, will show that the memory of the Græmes' Border exploits was at that time still preserved:—

"'They were now entered into the deep time of Lent, and could get no flesh in their inns. Whereupon fell out a pleasant passage, if I may insert it, by the way, among more serious. There was, near Bayonne, a herd of goats, with their young ones; upon the sight whereof, Sir Richard Graham tells the Marquis (of Buckingham), that he would snap one of the kids, and make some shift to carry him snug to their lodging. Which the prince overhearing, "Why, Richard," says he, "do you think you may practise here your old tricks upon the Borders?" Upon which words, they, in the first place, gave the goat-herd good contentment: and then, while the Marquis and Richard, being both on foot, were chasing the kid about the stack, the prince, from horseback, killed him in the head with a Scottish pistol. Which circumstance, though trifling, may yet serve to show how his Royal Highness, even in such slight and sportful damage, had a noble sense of just dealing.'—Sir H. Wotton's *Life of the Duke of Buckingham*.

"I find no traces of this particular Hughie Græme of the ballad; but, from the mention of the bishop, I suspect he may have been one of about four hundred Borderers, against whom bills of complaint were exhibited to Robert Aldridge, lord bishop of Carlisle, about 1553, for divers incursions, burnings, murders, mutilations, and spoils by them committed.—Nicolson's *History*, Introduction, lxxxii. There appear a number of Græmes in the specimen which we have of that list of delinquents. There occur, in particular,

Ritchie Græme of Bailie,
Will's Jock Græme,
Fargue's Willie Græme,
Muckle Willie Græme,
Will Græme of Rosetrees,
Ritchie Græme, younger of Netherby,
Wat Græme, called Flaughtail,
Will Græme, Nimble Willie,
Will Græme, Mickle Willie,

with many others.

"In Mr. Ritson's curious and valuable collection of legendary poetry, entitled, *Ancient Songs*, he has published this Border ditty, from a collection of two old black-letter copies, one in the collection of the late John, Duke of Roxburghe, and another in the hands of John Bayne, Esq. The learned editor mentions another copy, beginning, 'Good Lord John is a-hunting gone.' The present edition was procured for me by my friend Mr. William Laidlaw, in Blackhouse, and has been long current in Selkirkshire; but Mr. Ritson's copy has occasionally been resorted to for better readings."—Scott.

The version referred to above, as appearing in Ritson's *Ancient Songs* (edit. 1790), p. 192, is entitled, "The Life and Death of Sir Hugh of the Grime." It first appeared in Durfey's *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, vol. iv., p. 289.

The first Scottish version was communicated to Johnson's *Museum* (p. 312), by Burns, who states that he obtained it from oral tradition in Ayrshire. Mr. Cromek alleges that stanzas 3 and 8 were entirely composed, and that 9 and 10 were retouched, by Burns.

The *Museum* version was followed by Scott's; while a still subsequent Scottish version may be found in *Scottish Traditional Versions of Ancient Ballads*, Percy Society, vol. xvii., p. 73, under the title of "Sir Hugh the Græme." A note to this version (p. 106) truly states, "that it differs materially from all others, . . . and particularly in one respect, viz., that it has not a tragical ending, the hero making his escape," after his extraordinary leap. There seems to be no good ground for the allegations against the bishop and the wife of Hughie Græme. It is, however, quaintly and sarcastically stated by Anthony à Wood, that "there were many changes in his time, both in Church and State, but the worthy prelate retained his offices and preferments during them all." So that he seems to have been a worthy exemplar of the notorious "Vicar of Bray."

According to the last-named version, the captor and judge of Sir Hugh is Lord Home. The concluding stanzas are as under:—

- “‘Ye'll gi'e my brother John the sworde
That's pointed wi' the metal clear,
An' bid him come at eight o'clock,
An' see me pay the bishop's meare.
- “‘An', brother James, tak' here the sworde
That's pointed wi' the metal broun,
Come up the morn at eight o'clock,
An' see your brother putten down.
- “‘An', brother Allan, tak' this sworde
That's pointed wi' the metal fine,
Come up the morn at eight o'clock,
An' see the death o' Hugh the Græme.*
- “‘Ye'll tell this news to Maggy, my wife,
Neist time ye gang to Striveling toun,
She is the cause I lose my life,
She wi' the bishop play'd the loon.’
- “‘Again he ower his shoulder look'd,
It was to see what he could see,
And there he saw his little son,
Was screamin' by his nourice knee.
- “‘Then out it spak' the little son:
'Sin' 'tis the morn that he maun dee,
If that I live to be a man,
My father's death reveng'd shall be.’
- “‘If I must dee,' Sir Hugh replied,
'My friends o' me they will think lack;
He leapt a wa' eighteen feet high,
Wi' his han's boun' behin' his back.
- “‘Lord Home then raised ten armed men.
An' after him they did pursue;
But he has trudg'd out ower the plain,
As fast as any bird that flew.
- “‘He leuk'd ower his left shoulder,
It was to see what he could see;
His brother John was at his back,
An' a' the rest o' his brothers three.
- “‘Some they woundit and some they slew,
They fought sae fierce and valiantlie;
They made his enemies for to yield,
An' sent Sir Hugh out ower the sea.”

The text which follows is derived from Scott's *Minstrelsy*, as above indicated. Stanza 13 is inserted in the text from Burns's version; the other principal variations being noted under.

The nationality of the ballad is apparently as “debateable” as that of the “land” occupied in those days by this predatory tribe. Scott's version is, on the whole, decidedly the best.

- 1 GUDE Lord Scroope's to the hunting gane,
He has ridden o'er moss and muir; †
And he has grippit Hughie the Græme,
For stealing of the bishop's mare.

* The two first of these quoted stanzas are nearly the same as two in Burns's version, while the third resembles the last stanza of the text.

† “A-hunting o' the fallow deer.”—Burns's version.

- 2 "Now, good Lord Scroope, this may not be!
Here hangs a broadsword by my side;
And if that thou canst conquer me,
The matter it may soon be try'd."
- 3 "I ne'er was afraid of a traitor thief;
Although thy name be Hughie the Græme,
I'll make thee repent thee of thy deeds,
If God but grant me life and time."
- 4 "Then do your worst now, good Lord Scroope,
And deal your blows as hard as you can!
It shall be tried within an hour,
Which of us two is the better man."
- 5 But as they were dealing their blows sae free,
And both sae bloody at the time,
Over the moss came ten yeomen so tall,
All for to take brave Hughie the Græme.
- 6 Then they ha'e grippit Hughie the Græme,
And brought him up through Carlisle town:
The lasses and lads stood on the walls,
Crying—"Hughie the Græme, thou'se ne'er gae down!"*
- 7 Then they ha'e chosen a jury of men,
The best that were in Carlisle town;
And twelve of them cried out at once,—
"Hughie the Græme, thou must gae down!"
- 8 Then up bespake him gude Lord Hume, †
As he sat by the judge's ‡ knee:
"Twenty white owsen, my gude lord,
If ye'll grant Hughie the Græme to me."§
- 9 "Oh no, oh no, my gude Lord Hume!
For sooth and sae it maunna be;
For were there but three Græmes of the name, ¶
They shou'd be hangèd all for me."

* "And they ha'e tied him hand and foot,
And led him up thro' Stirling town;
The lads and lasses met him there,
Or'd—Hughie Graham, thou art a loun!"

† "Oh, lowse my right hand free," he says,
'And put my braid sword in the same,
He's no in Stirling town this day
Daur tell the tale to Hughie Graham.'"—Burns's version

Crombie states that the last of these two stanzas is Burns's own composition.

† "Then up bespake the brave Whitefoord."—*Ibid.*

‡ 'Judge's: " "bishop's."—*Ibid.*

§ "If ye'll let Hughie Græme gae free."—*Ibid.*

¶ "For tho' ten Grahams were in his coat."—*Ibid.*

- 10 'Twas up and spake the gude Lady Hume,*
 As she sat by the judge's knee :
 "A peck of white pennies, my gude lord judge,
 If you'll grant Hughie the Græme to me."
- 11 "Oh no, oh no, my gude Lady Hume!
 For sooth and so it must na be;
 Were he but the one Græme of the name,
 He shou'd be hangèd high for me."
- 12 "If I be guilty," said Hughie the Græme,
 "Of me my friends shall have small talk ;"
 And he has loup'd fifteen feet and three,
 Tho' his hands were tied behind his back.
- 13 They've ta'en him to the gallows knowe;
 He look'd [up] at the gallows tree,
 Yet never colour left his cheek,
 Nor ever did he blin' his e'e. †
- 14 [But] he look'd over his left shoulder,
 And for to see what he might see;
 There was he aware of his auld father,
 Came tearing his hair most piteouslie.
- 15 "Oh, hald your tongue, my father," he says,
 "And see that ye dinna weep for me!
 For they may ravish me of my life,
 But they cannot banish me frae Heaven hie. ‡
- 16 "Fair ye weel, fair Maggie, my wife!
 The last time we came ower the muir,
 'Twas thou bereft me of my life,
 And with the Bishop thou play'd the whore.
- 17 "Here, Johnnie Armstrang, take thou my sword,
 That is made of the metal sae fine;
 And when thou comest to the English side,
 Remember the death of Hughie the Græme."

* "Up then bespoke the fair Whitefoord."—Burns's version.

† Cromeek states that this stanza is Burns's own composition.

‡ "Oh, hand your tongue, my father dear,
 And with your weeping let me be
 Thy weeping's sairer on my heart,
 Than a' that they can do to me."—*Ibid.*

Cromeek states that this stanza was re-touched by Burns.

THE LOCHMABEN HARPER.

"The Castle of Lochmaben was formerly a noble building, situated upon a peninsula, projecting into one of the four lakes which are in the neighbourhood of the royal burgh, and is said to have been the residence of Robert Bruce, while Lord of Annandale. Accordingly it was always held to be a royal fortress, the keeping of which, according to the custom of the times, was granted to some powerful lord, with an allotment of lands and fishings, for the defence and maintenance of the place. There is extant a grant, dated 16th March, 1511, to Robert Lauder of the Bass, of the office of Captain and Keeper of Lochmaben Castle, for seven years, with many perquisites. Among others, the 'lands stolen frae the King' are bestowed on the Captain, as his proper lands. What shall we say of a country, where the very ground was a subject of theft?"—Scott.

The following ballad is first referred to in a note to Ritson's *Scottish Song*, vol. i., quoted *ante*, p. 471, note (*).

It was first published by Scott in his *Minstrelsy* (edit. 1802, as stated in the last edition, vol. i., p. 422).

Another version had been, however, previously communicated by Burns to Johnson, and appears in his *Musical Museum*, vol. vi., p. 598 (1803).

A third version, under the title of "The Jolly Harper," appeared subsequently in *Scottish Traditional Versions of Ancient Ballads* (Percy Society), p. 37. In this last, the purloining of the "wanton brown" is represented to be the result of a wager; and on its being duly won by the Harper, the "wanton brown" is returned to its rightful owner.

As to the age of the ballad, or the period to which it refers, it is not only impossible to say which of the Henrys is the one referred to, but even whether it occurred under the reign of one of the English kings of that name at all.

The return of the "wanton brown" at any period prior to the union of the crowns is utterly improbable, wager or no wager.

Sir Walter Scott, in a note, remarks, "that it is the most modern (ballad) in which the harp, as a Border instrument of music, is found to occur;" but he does not state on what data he founds any opinion as to its age.

His and Burns's versions differ very slightly; but the former has two stanzas (19 and 23) not in the latter; while it has four stanzas (3, 4, 5, and 18) not in the other.

In the former, also, the scene of the theft is laid at Carlisle, while the Lord Warden takes the place of King Henry.

Burns's text is the one chiefly followed; but a few emendations have been adopted, and the two stanzas above referred to added from Scott's.

The reader may contrast the luck of the "Harper" with the fate of "Hughie Graeme," in the preceding ballad.

- 1 OH, heard ye of a silly Harper,
[Wha] lang lived in Lochmaben town,
How he did gang to fair England,
To steal King Henry's wanton brown?
- 2 But first he gaed to his gudewife,
With all the haste that he cou'd thole;*
"This wark," quo' he, "will ne'er gae weel,
Without a mare that has a foal."
- 3 Quo' she—"Thou has a gude gray mare,
That'll rin o'er hills baith low and hie;
Gae set thee on the gray mare's back,
And leave the foal at hame with me.
- 4 "And take a halter in thy hose,
And of thy purpose dinna fail;
But wap it o'er the wanton's nose,
And tie him to the gray mare's tail.
- 5 "Syne ca'† her out at the back yett,
O'er moss, and muir, and ilka dale;
For she'll ne'er let the wanton bite,
Till she come back to her ain foal."
- 6 So he is up to England gane,
Even as fast as he can hie,
Till he came to King Henry's yett;
Oh, wha was there but King Henrie!
- 7 "Come in," quo' he, "thou silly Harper,
And of thy harping let me hear."
"Oh, by my sooth," quo' the silly Harper,
"I'd rather ha'e stabling for my mare."
- 8 The king looks o'er his left shoulder,
And says unto his stable groom,
"Gae take the silly blind Harper's mare,
And tie her beside my wanton brown."
- 9 And aye he harpit, and aye he carpit,
Till all the Lordlings footed the floor;
And oh, the music was sae sweet,
That they forgat the stable door!
- 10 And aye he harpit, and aye he carpit,
Till all the nobles were fast asleep;
Then quickly he took aff his shoon,
And saftly down the stair did creep.

* "Thole:" suffer.

† "Ca:" drive or turn.

- 11 Syne to the stable door he hied,
With tread as light as light cou'd be;
And when he open'd and gaed in,
There he fand thirty steeds and three.
- 12 He took a cowl halter * frae his hose,
And of his purpose he didna fail;
He slipp'd it o'er the wanton's nose,
And tied it to his gray mare's tail.
- 13 He ca'd her out at the back yett, †
O'er moss, and muir, and ilka dale;
And she ne'er let the wanton bite,
But held him trotting at her tail.
- 14 The gray mare was richt swift of foot,
And didna fail to find the way;
For she was at Lochmaben yett
Full lang three hours ere it was day.
- 15 When she came to the Harper's door,
There she ga'e mony a nicher and sneer; ‡
"Rise," quo' the wife, "thou lazy lass,
Let in thy master and his mare."
- 16 Then up she rose, put on her clothes,
And lookit through at the lock-hole:
"Oh, by my sooth," then quoth the laes,
"Our mare has gotten a braw brown foal!"
- 17 "Come, hand thy tongue, thou foolish lass,
The moon's but glancing in your e'e;"
"I'll wad my hail fee § against a groat,
It's bigger than e'er our foal will be."
- 18 The neighbours too, that heard the noise,
Cried to the wife to put her in.
"By my sooth," then quoth the wife,
"He's better than ever he rade on."
- 19 Now all this while, in merry Carlisle,
The Harper harpit to hie and law;
And nought cou'd they do but listen him to,
Until that the day began to daw.

* "Cowl halter:" colt's halter.

† *Variation*:—"He turn'd them loose at the castle gate."—Scott's version.

‡ "Nicher and sneer:" neign and snort.

§ "Wad my hail fee:" bet my whole wages.

- 20 But on the morn, at fair daylight,
When they had ended all their cheer,
Behold the wanton brown was gane,
And eke the poor blind Harper's mare!
- 21 "Alace, alace!" quo' the cunning auld Harper,
"And ever alace, that I came here!
In Scotland I lost a braw cowt foal;
In England they've stolen my gude gray mare!"
- 22 "Come, cease thy alacing, thou silly Harper,
And again of thy harping let us hear;
And weel paid shall thy cowt foal be,
And thou shall get a better mare."
- 23 Then aye he harpit, and aye he carpit;
Sae sweet were the harping he let them hear;
He was paid for the foal he had never lost,
And three times o'er for the gude gray mare.

THE RAID OF THE REIDSWIRE.

From Scott's *Minstrelsy*, vol. ii., p. 15.

"This poem is published from a copy in the Bannatyne MS., in the handwriting of the Hon. Mr. Carmichael, advocate. It first appeared in Allan Ramsay's *Evergreen*, but some liberties have been taken by him in transcribing it; and, what is altogether unpardonable, the MS., which is itself rather inaccurate, has been interpolated to favour his readings; of which there remain obvious marks.

"The skirmish of the Reidswire happened upon the 7th of June, 1575, at one of the meetings held by the Wardens of the Marches, for arrangements necessary upon the Border. Sir John Carmichael, ancestor of the present Earl of Hyndford,§ was the Scottish Warden, and Sir John Forster held that office on the English Middle March. In the course of the day, which was employed as usual in redressing wrongs, a bill, or indictment, at the instance of a Scottish complainer, was fouled (*i. e.*, found a true bill) against one Farnstein, a notorious English freebooter. Forster alleged that he had fled from justice: Carmichael, considering this as a pretext to avoid making compensation for the felony, bade him 'play fair!' to which the haughty English Warden retorted, by some injurious expressions respecting Carmichael's family, and gave other open signs of resentment. His retinue, chiefly men of Redesdale and Tynedale, the most ferocious of the English Borderers, glad of any pretext for a quarrel, discharged a

* "Wroken:" revenged.

† The two highly-coloured stanzas numbered 36 and 37 appear to be Percy's own as no trace of them can be found elsewhere.

‡ "Mudie:" bold.

§ The title of Hyndford is now extinct (1830).

flight of arrows among the Scots. A warm conflict ensued, in which, Carmichael being beat down and made prisoner, success seemed at first to incline to the English side, till the Tynedale men, throwing themselves too greedily upon the plunder, fell into disorder; and a body of Jedburgh citizens arriving at that instant, the skirmish terminated in a complete victory on the part of the Scots, who took prisoners, the English Warden, James Ogle, Cuthbert Collingwood, Francis Russell, son to the Earl of Bedford, and son-in-law to Forster, some of the Fenwicks, and several other Border chiefs. They were sent to the Earl of Morton, then Regent, who detained them at Dalkeith for some days, till the heat of their resentment was abated; which prudent precaution prevented a war betwixt the two kingdoms. He then dismissed them with great expressions of regard; and, to satisfy Queen Elizabeth,* sent Carmichael to York, whence he was soon after honourably dismissed. The field of battle, called the Reidswire, is a part of the Carter Mountain, about ten miles from Jedburgh.—See, for these particulars, Godscroft, Spottiswoode, and Johnstone's *History*.

"The editor has adopted the modern spelling of the word Reidswire, to prevent the mistake in pronunciation which might be occasioned by the use of the Scottish 'qu' for 'w.' The MS. reads 'Reidsquair.' 'Swair,' or 'swire,' signifies the descent of a hill; and the epithet 'Red' is derived from the colour of the heath, or, perhaps, from the Reid Water, which rises at no great distance."—Scott.

[The notes, which are also from the pen of Scott, are, in one or two instances, abridged.]

- 1 THE seventh of July, the suith to say,
At the Reidswire the tryst was set;
Our wardens they affixed the day,
And, as they promised, so they met.
Alas! that day I'll ne'er forgett!
Was sure sae feard, and then sae faine—
They came theare justice for to gett,
Will never green † to come again.

- 2 Carmichael ‡ was our warden then,
He caused the country to conven;

* Her ambassador at Edinburgh refused to lie in a bed of state, which had been provided for him, till this "oudious fact" had been inquired into.—Murdin's *State Papers*, vol. ii., p. 282.

† "Green:" long.

‡ Sir John Carmichael was a favourite of the Regent Morton, by whom he was appointed Warden of the Middle Marches, in preference to the Border Chieftains. [He] was murdered, 16th June, 1600, by a party of Borderers, at a place called Raesknows, near Lochmaben, whither he was going to hold a court of justice. Two of the ringleaders in the slaughter, Thomas Armstrong, called Ringan's Tam, and Adam Scott called the Pecket, were tried at Edinburgh, at the instance of Carmichael of Edrom. They were condemned to have their right hand struck off, thereafter to be hanged, and their bodies gibbeted on the Borough Moor: which sentence was executed, 14th November, 1601. "This Pecket," saith Birrel, in his *Diary*, "was one of the most notalrie thieffes that ever raid." He calls his name Steill, which appears, from the record, to be a mistake. Four years afterwards, an Armstrong, called Sandy of Rowanburn, and several others of that tribe, were executed for this and other excesses.—*Books of Adjournal of these dates*.

And the Laird's Wat, that worthie man,^a

Brought in that sirname weel beseen:^b

The Armestranges, that aye ha'e been

A hardy house, but not a hail,^c

The Elliots' honours to maintaine,

Brought down the lave^d of Liddesdale.

3 Then Tividale came to with speid;

The Sheriffe brought the Douglas down,^e

With Cranstane, Gladstain, good at need,^f

Baith Rewle Water, and Hawick town.

Beanjeddart bauldy made him boun^g;

With all the Trumbills, stronge and stout;

The Rutherfoords, with grit renown,

Convoy'd the town of Jedburgh out.^h

^a The Chief who led out the sirname of Scott upon this occasion was (saith Satchell's) Walter Scott of Ancrum, a natural son of Walter of Buccleuch. The laird of Buccleuch was then a minor. The ballad seems to have been popular in Satchell's days, for he quotes it literally. He must, however, have been mistaken, in this particular; for the family of Scott of Ancrum, in all our books of genealogy, deduce their descent from the Scotts of Balwearie, in Fife, whom they represent. The first of this family, settled in Roxburghshire, is stated in Douglas' *Baronage* to have been Patrick Scott, who purchased the lands of Ancrum in the reign of James VI. He therefore could not be the Laird's Wat of the ballad; indeed, from the list of Border families in 1597, Kerr appears to have been proprietor of Ancrum at the date of the ballad. It is plainly written in the MS. the *Laird's Wat*, i.e., the laird's son Wat; notwithstanding which, it has always hitherto been printed the *Laird Wat*. If Douglas be accurate in his genealogy, the person meant must be the young laird of Buccleuch, afterwards distinguished for the surprise of Carlisle Castle.—See *Kinmont Willie*. I am the more confirmed in this opinion, because Kerr of Ancrum was at this time a fugitive, for slaying one of the Rutherfords, and the tower of Ancrum given in keeping to the Turnbills, his hereditary enemies. His mother, however, a daughter of Home of Wedderburn, contrived to turn out the Turnbills, and possess herself of the place by surprise.—*Godscroft*, vol. ii., p. 250.

^b "Weel beseen;" well appointed. The word occurs in *Morte d'Arthur*:—"And when Sir Percival saw this, he hied him thither, and found the ship covered with silke, more blacker than any beare; and therein was a gentlewoman, of great beantie, and she was richly besene, that none might be better."

^c This clan are here mentioned as not being hail, or whole, because they were outlawed or broken men. Indeed, many of them had become Englishmen, as the phrase then went. Accordingly we find, from Patten, that forty of them, under the Laird of Mangertoun, joined Somerset, upon his expedition into Scotland.—Patten, in *Dalyell's Fragments*, p. 1. There was an old alliance betwixt the Elhots and Armstrongs, here alluded to. For the enterprise of the Armstrongs, against their native country, when under English assurance, see *Murdiu's State Papers*, vol. i., p. 43. From which it appears, that, by command of Sir Ralph Evers, this clan ravaged almost the whole West Border of Scotland.

^d "Lave;" remainder.

^e Douglas of Cavers, hereditary Sheriff of Teviotdale, descended from Black Archibald, who carried the standard of his father, the Earl of Douglas, at the battle of Otterbourne.—See the ballad of that name. [*Ante*, p. 424.]

^f Cranstoun of that ilk, ancestor to Lord Cranstoun; and Gladstain of Gladstains.

^g These were ancient and powerful clans, residing chiefly upon the river Jed. Hence, they naturally convoyed the town of Jedburgh out. Although notorious freebooters, they were specially patronized by Morton, who, by their means, endeavoured to counterpoise the power of Buccleuch and Fernihurst, during the civil wars attached to the Queen's faction. The following fragment of an old ballad is quoted in a letter from an aged gentleman of this name, residing in New York, to a friend in Scotland:—

"Bauld Rutherford, he was fou stout,
Wi' a' his nine sons him round about;
He led the town o' Jedburgh out,
All bravely fought that day."

- 4 Of other clans I cannot tell,
 Because our warning was not wide—
 Be this our folks ha'e ta'en the fell,
 And planted down palliones,^a there to bide,
 We looked down the other side,
 And saw come breasting o'er the brae,
 With Sir John Forster for their guyde,^b
 Full fifteen hundred men and mae.
- 5 It grieved him sair that day, I trow,
 With Sir George Hearoune of Schipsydehouse;^c
 Because we were not men enow,
 They counted us not worth a louse.
 Sir George was gentle, meek, and douse,
 But *he* was hail and het as fire;
 And yet, for all his cracking crouse,^d
 He rew'd the raid of the Reidswire.
- 6 To deal with proud men is but pain;
 For either must ye fight or flee,
 Or else no answer make again,
 But play the beast, and let them be.
 It was nae wonder he was hie,
 Had Tindaill, Reedsdail,^e at his hand,
 With Cukdaill, Gladsdail on the leo,
 And Hebsrime,^f and Northumberland.
- 7 Yett was our meeting meek enough,
 Begun with merriment and mowes,
 And at the brae, aboon the heugh,
 The clark sat down to call the rowes.^g

^a "Palliones:" tents.

^b Sir John Forster, or, more properly, Forrester, of Balmbrough Abbey, Warden of the Middle Marches in 1561, was deputy-governor of Berwick, and governor of Balm-borough Castle. He made a great figure on the Borders, and is said, on his monument at Balmborough Church, to have possessed the office of Warden of the Mid Marches for thirty-seven years; indeed, if we can trust his successor, Carey, he retained the situation until he became rather unfit for its active duties. His family ended in the unfortunate Thomas Forster, one of the generals of the Northumbrian insurgents in 1715; and the estate, being forfeited, was purchased by his uncle, Lord Crewe, and devised for the support of his magnificent charity.

^c George Heron Miles of Chipchase Castle, probably the same who was slain at the Reidswire, was Sheriff of Northumberland, 15th Elizabeth.

^d "Cracking crouse:" talking big.

^e These are districts, or dales, on the English Border.

^f Mr. Ellis suggests, with great probability, that this is a mistake, not for Hebsburne, as the editor stated in an earlier edition, but for Hexham, which, with its territory, formed a county independent of Northumberland, with which it is here ranked.

^g "Rowes:" rolla.

And some for kyne, and some for ewes,
 Call'd in of Dandrie,^a Hob, and Jock—
 We saw come marching o'er the knowes,
 Five hundred Fennicks^b in a flock,—

8 With jack and spear, and bows all bent,
 And warlike weapons at their will:
 Although we were na weel content,
 Yet, by my troth, we fear'd no ill.
 Some gaed to drink, and some stude still,
 And some to cards and dice them sped;
 Till on ane Farnstein they fyled a bill,
 And he was fugitive and fled.

9 Carmichaell bade them speik out plainlie,
 And cloke no cause for ill nor good;
 The other, answering him as vainlie,
 Began to reckon kin and blood:
 He raise, and raxed^c him where he stood,
 And bade him match him with his marrows;^d
 Then Tindaill heard them reasun rude,
 And they loot off a flight of arrows.

10 Then was there nought but bow and spear,
 And every man pull'd out a brand;
 "A Schafton and a Fennick" there:
 Gude Symington was slain frae hand.
 The Scotsmen cried on other to stand,
 Frae time they saw John Robson slain—
 What should they cry? the King's command
 Could cause no cowards turn again.

11 Up rose the laird to red the cumber,^e
 Which would not be for all his boast;—
 What could we doe with sic a number—
 Fyve thousand men into a host?
 Then Henry Purdie proved his cost,^f
 And very narrowlie had mischief'd him,
 And there we had our warden lost,
 Wer't not the grit God he relieved him.

^a ["Dandrie:" Andrew.]

^b The Fenwicks; a powerful and numerous Northumberland clan. The original seat of this ancient family was at Fenwick tower, long since ruinous; but, from the time of Henry IV., their principal mansion was Wallington. Sir John Fenwick, attainted and executed for treason in the reign of William III., represented the chieftain of this clan.

^c "Raise, and raxed him:" rose, and stretched himself up.

^d "Marrows:" equals.

^e "Red the cumber:" quell the tumult.

^f "Cost:" signifies loss or risk.

- 12 Another throw the breiks him bair,
 Whill flatlies to the ground he fell:
 Than thought I weel we had lost him there,
 Into my stomach it struck a knell!
 Yet up he raise, the treuth to tell ye,
 And laid about him dints full dour;
 His horsemen they raid sturdilie,
 And stude about him in the stoure.
- 13 Then raise the slogan with ane shout—
 “Fy, Tindaill, to it! Jedburgh’s here!”^a
 I trow he was not half sae stout,
 But anis his stomach was asteir.^b
 With gun and genzie,^c bow and spear,
 Men might see mony a cracked crown!
 But up amang the merchant geir,
 They were as busy as we were down.
- 14 The swallow taill frae tackles flew,^d
 Five hundredth flain into a flight.
 But we had pestelets enew,
 And shot among them as we might,
 With help of God the game gaed right,
 Frae time the foremost of them fell;
 Then o’er the knowe, without goodnight,
 They ran with mony a shout and yell.
- 15 But after they had turned backs,
 Yet Tindail men they turn’d again,
 And had not been the merchant packs,^e
 There had been mae of Scotland slain.

^a The gathering-word peculiar to a certain name, or set of people, was termed “slogan,” or “slughorn,” and was always repeated at an onset, as well as on many other occasions. The custom of crying the slogan or eusenzie, is often alluded to in all our ancient histories and poems. It was usually the name of the clan, or place of rendezvous, or leader. In 1335, the English, led by Thomas of Roslyne, and William Moubray, assaulted Aberdeen. The former was mortally wounded in the onset; and, as his followers were pressing forward, shouting “Rosslyne! Rosslyne!” “Cry Moubray,” said the expiring chieftain; “Rosslyne is gone!” The Highland clans had also their appropriate slogans. The Macdonalds cried Frich (heather); the Macphersons, Craig-Ubh; the Grants, Craig-Elachie; and the Macfarlanes, Loch-Sloy.

^b “But,” &c.: till once his anger was set up.

^c “Genzie:” engine of war.

^d The Scots, on this occasion, seem to have had chiefly firearms; the English retaining still their partiality for their ancient weapon, the longbow. It also appears, by a letter from the Duke of Norfolk to Cecil, that the English Borderers were unskilful in firearms; or, as he says, “our countrymen be not so commyng with shots as I wolde wishe.”—See Murdin’s *State Papers*, vol. i., p. 319.

^e “Flain:” arrows; hitherto absurdly printed slain.

^f The ballad-maker here ascribes the victory to the real cause; for the English Borderers, dispersing to plunder the merchandise, gave the opposite party time to recover from their surprise. It seems to have been usual for travelling merchants to attend Border meetings, although one would have thought the kind of company usually assembled there might have deterred them.

But, Jesu! if the folks were fain
To put the bussing on their thies;
And so they fled, with all their main,
Down o'er the brae, like clogged bees.

- 16 Sir Francis Russell ^a ta'en was there,
And hurt, as we hear men rehearse;
Proud Wallinton ^b was wounded sair,
Albeit he be a Fennick fierce.
But if you wald a souldier search,
Among them all were ta'en that night,
Was nane sae wordie to put in verse,
As Collingwood, ^c that courteous knight.

- 17 Young Henry Schafton, ^d he is hurt;
A souldier shot him wi' a bow;
Scotland has cause to mak' great sturt,
For laiming of the Laird of Mowe. ^e
The Laird's Wat did weel indeed;
His friends stood stoutlie by himsell,
With little Gladstain, gude in need,
For Gretein ^f kend na gude be ill.

- 18 The Sheriffe wanted not gude will,
Howbeit he might not fight so fast;
Beanjeddart, Hundlie, and Hunthill, ^g
Three, on they laid weel at the last.

^a Son to the Earl of Bedford, and Warden of the East Marches. He was, at this time, chamberlain of Berwick. He was afterwards killed in a fray of a similar nature, at a Border meeting between the same Sir John Forster (father-in-law to Russell) and Thomas Ker of Fairnihurst, A.D. 1585.

^b Fenwick of Wallington, a powerful Northumbrian chief.

^c Sir Cuthbert Collingwood of Esslington, Sheriff of Northumberland, the 10th and 20th of Elizabeth. Besides these gentlemen, James Ogle, and many other Northumbrians of note, were made prisoners. Sir George Heron, of Chipchase and Ford, was slain, to the great regret of both parties, being a man highly esteemed by the Scots as well as the English. When the prisoners were brought to Morton, at Dalkeith, and, among other presents, received from him some Scottish falcons, one of his train observed, that the English were nobly treated, since they got live *hawks* for dead *herons*.—*Godscroft*.

^d The Shaftoes are an ancient family, settled at Ravington, in Northumberland, since the time of Edward I.; of which Sir Cuthbert Shaftoe, Sheriff of Northumberland in 1795, is the present representative.

^e An ancient family on the Borders. The lands of Mowe are situated upon the river Bowmont, in Roxburghshire. The family is now represented by William Molie, Esq., of Mains, who has restored the ancient spelling of the name. The Laird of Mowe, here mentioned, was the only gentleman of note killed in the skirmish on the Scottish side.

^f Graden, a family of Kers.

^g Douglas of Beanjeddart, an ancient branch of the House of Cavers, possessing property near the junction of the Jed and Teviot. Hundlie: Rutherford of Hundlie or Hundalee, situated on the Jed above Jedburgh. Hunthill: the old tower of Munthill was situated about a mile above Jedburgh. It was the patrimony of an ancient family of Rutherfords. I suppose the person here meant to be the same who is renowned in tradition by the name of the Cock of Hunthill. His sons were executed for March-treason, or Border-theft, along with the lairds of Corbet, Greenhead, and Overton, A.D. 1588.—*Johnstone's History*, p. 129.

Except the horsemen of the guard,
If I could put men to availe,
None stoutlier stood out for their laird,
Nor ~~did~~ the lads of Liddisdail.

- 19 But little harness had we there;
But auld Badreule ^a had on a jack,
And did right weel, I you declare,
With all his Trumbills at his back.
Gude Edderstane ^b was not to lack,
Nor Kirktoun, Newton, noble men! ^c
Thir's ^d all the specials I of speake,
By ^d others that I cou'd not ken.
- 20 Who did invent that day of play,
We need not fear to find him soon;
For Sir John Forster, I dare well say,
Made us this noisome afternoon.
Not that I speak preceislie out,
That he supposed it would be perril;
But pride, and breaking out of feuid,
Gar'd Tindaill lads begin the quarrel. ^e

^a Sir Andrew Turnbull, of Bedrule, upon Rule Water. This old laird was so notorious a thief, that the principal gentlemen of the clans of Hume and Kerr refus'd to sign a bond of alliance, to which he, with the Turnbills and Rutherfords, was a party; alleging that their proposed allies had stolen Hume of Wedderburn's cattle. The authority of Morton, however, compelled them to digest the affront. The debate (and a curious one it is) may be seen at length in *Godscroft*, vol. i., p. 221. The Rutherfords became more lawless after having been deprived of the countenance of the court, for slaying the nephew of Forman, Archbishop of St. Andrews, who had attempted to carry off the heiress of Rutherford. This lady was afterwards married to James Stewart of Traquair, son to James, Earl of Buchan, according to a Papal bull, dated 9th November, 1504. By this lady a great estate in Teviotdale fell to the family of Traquair, which was sold by James, Earl of Traquair, Lord High Treasurer of Scotland, in consequence of the pecuniary difficulties to which he was reduced by his loyal exertions in favour of Charles I.

^b An ancient family of Rutherfords; I believe, indeed, the most ancient now extant.

^c "Kirktoun:" the parish of Kirktoun belonged, I believe, about this time, to a branch of the Cavers family; but Kirkton of Stewartfield is mentioned in the list of Border clans in 1597. "Newton:" this is probably Grinyslaw of Little Newton, mentioned in the said roll of Border clans.

^d "Thir's:" these are. "By:" besides.

^e In addition to what has been said of the ferocity of the Reedisdale and Tynedale men, may be noticed a by-law of the incorporated Merchant-adventurers of Newcastle, in 1564, which, alleging evil repute of these districts for thefts and felonies, enacts, that no apprentices shall be taken "proceeding from such leude and wicked progenitors." This law, though in ~~dis~~etude, subsisted until 1771.

BARTHAM'S DIRGE.

The following beautiful fragment was palmed off on Sir Walter Scott as a genuine *antique*, by Mr. Surtees, who stated that it was taken down "from the recitation of Anne Douglas, an old woman, who weeded in his garden;" and, the better to conceal his hand, he alleged that "the words within brackets were inserted by" him "to supply such stanzas as the chantress's memory left defective." "The Death of Featherstonhaugh," and "Lord Ewrie," spurious pieces coined in the same mint, were also passed off as genuine, on the good-natured and trustful editor of the *Minstrels of the Scottish Border*.

- 1 THEY shot him dead at the Nine-Stone Rig,
 Beside the Headless Cross,
 And they left him lying in his blood,
 Upon the moor and moss.

- 2 They made a bier of the broken bough,
 The saugh and the aspen gray,
 And they bore him to the lady chapel,
 And waked him there all day.
- 3 A lady came to that lonely bower,
 And threw her robes aside,
 She tore her ling [long] yellow hair,
 And knelt at Barthram's side.
- 4 She bathed him in the Lady-Well
 His wounds so deep and sair,
 And she plaited a garland for his breast,
 And a garland for his hair.
- 5 They rowed him in a lily-sheet,
 And bare him to his earth,
 [And the gray friars sung the dead man's mass,
 As they passed the chapel garth].
- 6 They buried him at [the mirk] midnight,
 [When the dew fell cold and still,
 When the aspen gray forgot to play,
 And the mist clung to the hill].
- 7 They dug his grave but a bare foot deep,
 By the edge of the Ninestone Burn,
 And they covered him [o'er with the heather flower],
 The moss, and the [lady] fern.
- 8 A gray friar staid upon the grave,
 And sang till the morning tide,
 And a friar shall sing for Barthram's soul,
 While the Headless Cross shall bide.

THE LADS OF WAMPHRAY.

From Scott's *Minstrelsy*, vol. ii., p. 148.

"The following song celebrates the skirmish, in 1593, between the Johnstones and Crichtons, which led to the revival of the ancient quarrel betwixt Johnstone and Maxwell, and finally to the battle of Dryffe Sands, in which the latter lost his life. Wamphray is the name of a parish in Annandale. Lethenhall was the abode of Johnstone of Wamphray, and continued to be so till of late years. William Johnstone of Wamphray, called the Galliard, was a noted freebooter. A place, near the head of Teviotdale, retains the name of the Galliard's fauld's (folds), being a valley, where he used to secrete and divide his spoil, with his Liddesdale and Eskdale associates. His *nom de guerre* seems to have been derived from the dance called 'The Galliard.' The word is still used in Scotland, to express an active, gay, dissipated character.* Willie of the Kirkhill, nephew to the Galliard, and his avenger, was also a noted Border robber. Previous to the battle of Dryffe Sands, so often mentioned, tradition reports, that Maxwell had offered a ten-pound-land to any of his party, who should bring the head or hand of the Laird of Johnstone. This being reported to his antagonist, he answered, he had not a ten-pound-land to offer, but would give a five-merk-land to the man who should that day cut off the head or hand of Lord Maxwell. Willie of the Kirkhill, mounted upon a young gray horse, rushed upon the enemy, and earned the reward by striking down their unfortunate chieftain, and cutting off his right hand.

"From a pedigree in the appeal case of Sir James Johnstone of Westeraw, claiming the honours and titles of Annandale, it appears that the Johnstones of Wamphray were descended from James, sixth son of the sixth Baron of Johnstone. The male line became extinct in 1657."—Scott.

[See subsequent ballad, entitled "Lord Maxwell's Good-night."]

- 1 'TWIXT Girth-head † and the Langwood-end,
Lived the Galliard, and the Galliard's men;
But and the lads of Leverhay,
That drove the Crichton's gear away.
- 2 It is the lads of Lethenha',
The greatest rogues among them a':
But and the lads of Stefenbiggin,
They broke the house in at the rigging.

* Cleveland applies the phrase in a very different manner, in treating of the Assembly of Divines at Westminster, 1644:—

"And Selden is a Galliard by himself,
And wel might be; there's more divines in him,
Than in all this their Jewish Sanhedrim."

Skelton, in his railing poem against James IV., terms him Sir Skeyr Galyard.

† Leverhay, Stefenbiggin, Girth-head, &c., are all situated in the parish of Wamphray.

- 3 The lads of Fingland, and Helbeck-hill,
They were never for good, but aye for ill;
"Twixt the Staywood-bush and Langside-hill,
They steal'd the broked cow and the branded bull.
- 4 It is the lads of the Girth-head,
The deil's in them for pride and greed;
For the Galliard and the gay Galliard's men,
They ne'er saw a horse but they made it their ain.
- 5 The Galliard to Nithsdale is gane,
To steal Sim Crichton's winsome dun;
The Galliard is unto the stable gane,
But instead of the dun, the blind he has ta'en.
- 6 "Now Simmy, Simmy of the Side,
Come out and see a Johnstone ride!
Here's the bonniest horse in a' Nithside,
And a gentle Johnstone aboon his hide."
- 7 Simmy Crichton's mounted then,
And Crichtons has raised mony a ane;
The Galliard trow'd his horse had been wight,
But the Crichtons beat him out o' sight.
- 8 As soon as the Galliard the Crichton saw,
Behind the saugh-bush he did draw;
And there the Crichtons the Galliard ha'e ta'en,
And nane with him but Willie alane.
- 9 "Oh, Simmy, Simmy, now let me gang,
And I'll never mair do a Crichton wrang!
Oh, Simmy, Simmy, now let me be,
And a peck o' gowd I'll give to thee!
- 10 "Oh, Simmy, Simmy, now let me gang,
And my wife shall heap it with her hand."
But the Crichtons wou'dna let the Galliard be,
But they hang'd him hie upon a tree.
- 11 Oh, think then Willie he was right wae,
When he saw his uncle guided sae;
"But if ever I live Wamphray to see,
My uncle's death avenged shall be!"
- 12 Back to Wamphray he is gane,
And riders has raised mony a ane;
Saying—"My lads, if ye'll be true,
Ye shall all be clad in the noble blue."

- 13 Back to Nithsdale they have gane,
And awa the Crichtons' nowt^a ha'e ta'en;
But when they came to the Wellpath-head,^b
The Crichtons bade them 'light and lead.
- 14 And when they came to Biddes-burn,^c
The Crichtons bade them stand and turn;
And when they came to the Biddes-strand,
The Crichtons they were hard at hand.
- 15 But when they came to the Biddes-law,^d
The Johnstones bade them stand and draw;
"We've done nae ill, we'll thole^e nae wrang,
But back to Wamphray we will gang."
- 16 And out spoke Willie of the Kirkhill,—
"Of fighting, lads, ye'se ha'e your fill."
And from his horse Willie he lap,
And a burnish'd brand in his hand he gat.
- 17 Out through the Crichtons, Willie he ran,
And dang them down baith horse and man;
Oh, but the Johnstones were wond'rous rude,
When the Biddes-burn ran three days blood!
- 18 "Now, sirs, we have done a noble deed,
We have revenged the Galliard's bleid;
For every finger of the Galliard's hand,
I vow this day I've kill'd a man."
- 19 As they came in at Evan-head,
At Ricklaw-holm they spread abroad;^f
"Drive on, my lads, it will be late;
We'll ha'e a pint at Wamphray gate."^g
- 20 "For where'er I gang, or e'er I ride,
The lads of Wamphray are on my side;
And of all the lads that I do ken,
A Wamphray lad's the king of men."

^a "Nowt:" cattle.

^b The Wellpath is a pass by which the Johnstones were retreating to their fastnesses in Annandale.

^c The Biddes-burn, where the skirmish took place betwixt the Johnstones and their pursuers, is a rivulet which takes its course among the mountains on the confines of Nithsdale and Annandale [at the summit level of the Caledonian Railway].

^d "Law:" a conical hill.

^e "Thole:" endure.

^f Ricklaw-holm is a place upon the Evan Water, which falls into the Annan, below Moffat.

^g Wamphray gate was in those days an alehouse.

KINMONT WILLIE.

From Scott's *Minstrelsy*, vol. ii., p. 32.

"In the following rude strains," says Scott, "our forefathers commemorated one of the last and most gallant achievements performed upon the Border."

[The events which the ballad records occurred in the year 1596, while Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch, and Lord Scrope, were wardens of the West Marches of Scotland and England respectively; Buccleuch's deputy being Robert Scott of Haining, one of his own clan; while Lord Scrope's deputy was a gentleman of the name of Salkeld. These deputies met on a day of truce, "at the Dayholme of Kershoup, where a burn divides England from Scotland, and Liddesdail from Bewcastle."

In contravention of Border law, William Armstrong of Kinmont, a renowned moss-trooper of great strength and stature, while returning home with but three or four in his company, was suddenly pursued by about two hundred of the English Borderers, who chased him for three or four miles, took him prisoner, brought him back to the deputy, and carried him in triumph to Carlisle Castle.

"Such an outrageous violation of Border law" roused the wrath of the boid Buccleuch, who wrote to Lord Scrope demanding the release of the prisoner; but receiving no satisfactory reply, he "swore that he would bring Kinmont Willie out of Carlisle Castle, quick or dead, with his own hand. The threat was esteemed a mere bravado; for the castle was strongly garrisoned and well fortified, in the middle of a populous and hostile city, and under the command of Lord Scrope, as brave a soldier as in England. Yet Buccleuch was not intimidated. Choosing a dark tempestuous night (the 13th of April), he assembled two hundred of his bravest men at the tower of Morton, a fortalice on the debateable land, on the Water of Sark, about ten miles from Carlisle. Amongst these, the leader, whom he most relied on, was Watt Scott of Harden; but, along with him were Watt Scott of Braxholm, Watt Scott of Goldielands, Jock Elliot of the Copshaw, Sandie Armstrong, son to Hobbie, the Laird of Mangerton, Kinmont's four sons—Jock, Francie, Sandie, and Geordie Armstrong, Rob of the Langholm, and Willie Bell the Redcloak; all noted and daring men. . . . They passed the river Esk; rode briskly through the Grahames' country; forded the Eden, then swollen over its banks, and came to the brook Caday, close by Carlisle, where Buccleuch made his men dismount, and silently led eighty of them to the foot of the wall of the base or outer court of the castle.

"Everything favoured them: the heavens were as black as pitch, the rain descended in torrents; and as they raised their ladders to fix them on the cope-stone, they could hear the English sentinels challenge as they walked their rounds. To their rage and disappointment, the ladders proved too short; but finding a postern in the wall, they undermined it, and soon made a breach enough for a soldier to squeeze through. In this way a dozen stout fellows passed into the outer court (Buccleuch himself being the fifth man who entered)

disarmed and bound the watch, wrenched open the postern from the inside, and thus admitting their companions, were masters of the place. . . .

"Lord Scrope, believing, as he afterwards wrote to Burghley, that five hundred Scots were in possession of the castle, kept himself close within his chamber. Kinmont Will himself, as he was carried on his friends' shoulders beneath the warden's window, roared out a lusty 'Good-night' to his lordship; and in a wonderfully brief space, Buccleuch had effected his purpose, joined his men on the Caday, remounted his troopers, forded once more the Esk and the Eden, and, bearing his rescued favourite in the middle of his little band, regained the Scottish Border before sunrise."—Tytler's *History of Scotland*, 1596.*]

"The Queen of England, having notice sent her of what was done, stormed not a little. [But] this affair of Kinmont Willie was not the only occasion upon which the undaunted keeper of Liddesdale gave offence to the haughty Elizabeth. For even before this business was settled, certain of the English Borderers having invaded Liddesdale, and wasted the country, the Laird of Buccleuch retaliated the injury by a raid into England, in which he not only brought off much spoil, but apprehended thirty-six of the Tynedale thieves, all of whom he put to death.—*Spottiswoode*, p. 450. How highly the Queen of England's resentment blazed on this occasion, may be judged from the preface to her letter to Bowes, then her ambassador in Scotland. 'I wonder how base-minded that king thinks me, that, with patience, I can digest this dishonourable Let him know, therefore, that I will have satisfaction, or else' These broken words of ire are inserted betwixt the subscription and the address of the letter.—*Rymer*, vol. xvi., p. 318. Indeed, so deadly was the resentment of the English, on account of the affronts put upon them by this formidable chieftain, that there seems at one time to have been a plan formed (not, as was alleged, without Elizabeth's privity) to assassinate Buccleuch.—*Rymer*, vol. xvi., p. 107. The matter was at length arranged by the commissioners of both nations in Berwick, by whom it was agreed that delinquents should be delivered up on both sides, and that the chiefs themselves should enter into ward in the opposite countries till these were given up, and pledges granted for the future maintenance of the quiet of the Borders. Buccleuch and Sir Robert Ker of Cessford (ancestor of the Duke of Roxburghe) appear to have struggled hard against complying with this regulation; so much so, that it required all James's authority to bring to order these two powerful chiefs.—*Rymer*, vol. xvi., p. 322; *Spottiswoode*, p. 448; *Carey's Memoirs*, p. 131, *et sequen.*

* [The account of this gallant achievement, contained in Tytler, is here substituted in place of that in Scott's *Minstrelsy*, where it is given from "a manuscript of the period, the property of Mr. Campbell, of Shawfield which gives a minute detail of this celebrated exploit. The MS. [which] contains many curious articles relating to the Highlands and Borders, arranged in a miscellaneous order; appear[s] to have been a collection made for the purpose of assisting Archbishop Spottiswoode in compiling his work." It is headed:—

"Relation of the maner of surprizeing of the castell of Cairlell, by the Lord of Buccleugh, in the later end of Q. Elizabeth's Reigne. (Anno 1596.)"

The subsequent information has been selected from the latter portion of Scott's introduction to this ballad.]

“According to ancient family tradition, Buccleuch was presented to Elizabeth, who, with her usual rough and peremptory address, demanded of him, ‘How he dared to undertake an enterprise so desperate and presumptuous?’—‘What is it,’ answered the undaunted chieftain—‘what is it that a man dares not do?’ Elizabeth, struck with the reply, turned to a lord in waiting; ‘With ten thousand such men,’ said she, ‘our brother of Scotland might shake the firmest throne of Europe.’ Luckily, perhaps, for the murderess of Queen Mary, James’s talents did not lie that way.

“The articles, settled by the commissioners at Berwick, were highly favourable to the peace of the Border. They may be seen at large, in the *Border Laws*, p. 103. By article sixth, all wardens and keepers are discharged from seeking reparation of injuries, in the ancient hostile mode of riding, or causing to ride, in warlike manner against the opposite March, and that under the highest penalty, unless authorized by a warrant under the hand of their sovereign. The mention of the word *keeper*, alludes obviously to the above-mentioned reprisals, made by Buccleuch, in the capacity of keeper of Liddesdale.

“Scott of Satchells, in the extraordinary poetical performance, which he has been pleased to entitle ‘A History of the Name of Scott’ (published 1688), dwells, with great pleasure, upon this gallant achievement, at which, it would seem, his father had been present. He also mentions, that the Laird of Buccleuch employed the services of the younger sons and brothers only of his clan, lest the name should have been weakened by the landed men incurring forfeiture. But he adds, that three gentlemen of estate insisted upon attending their chief, notwithstanding this prohibition. These were, the Laids of Harden and Commonsides, and Sir Gilbert Elliot of the Stobbs, a relation of the Laird of Buccleuch, and ancestor to the present Sir William Elliot, Bart. In many things Satchells agrees with the ballads current in his time, from which, in all probability, he derived most of his information as to past events, and from which he sometimes pirates whole verses, as noticed in the annotations upon the ‘Raid of the Reidswire.’ In the present instance, he mentions the prisoner’s large spurs (alluding to the fetters), and some other little incidents noticed in the ballad, which were therefore, probably, well known in his days.

“All contemporary historians unite in extolling the deed itself as the most daring and well-conducted achievement of that age. ‘*Audax facinus, cum modica manu, in urbe menibus et multitudine oppidanorum munita, et callidæ audaciæ, vix ullo obsisti modo potuit.*’—Johnstoni *Historia*, ed. Amstæd, p. 214. Birrel, in his gossiping way, says, the exploit was performed ‘with shouting and crying, and sound of trumpet, puttand the said toun and countrie in sic ane fray, that the like of sic ane wassaladge was never done since the memory of man, no not in Wallace days.’—Birrel’s *Diary*, April 6, 1596. This good old citizen of Edinburgh also mentions another incident, which I think proper to insert here, both as relating to the personages mentioned in the following ballad, and as tending to show the light in which the men of the Border were regarded, even at this late period, by their fellow-subjects. The author is talking of the king’s return to Edinburgh, after the disgrace which he had sus

tained there, during the riot excited by the seditious ministers, on December 17, 1596. Proclamation had been made, that the Earl of Mar should keep the West Port, Lord Seaton the Nether-Bow, and Buccleuch, with sundry others, the High Gate. 'Upon the morn at this time, and befor this day, there was ane grate rumour and word among the tounes-men, that the Kinges M. sould send in *Will Kinmonde, the common thieffe*, and so many southlande men as sould spulye the toun of Edinburgh. Upon the whilk, the haill merchants tuik their hail gear out of their buiths or chops, and transportit the same to the strongest hous that was in the toun, and remained in the said hous, thair, with themselves, thair servants, and luiking for nothing bot that thaye sould have been all spulyeit. Sic lyke the hail craftsmen and commons convenit themselves, their best guidis, as it wer ten or twelve householdes in ane, whilk wes the strongest hous, and might be best kepit from spulyeing or burning, with hagbut, pistolet, and other sic armour, as might best defend themselves. Judge, gentil reader, giff this was playing.' The fear of the Borderers being thus before the eyes of the contumacious citizens of Edinburgh, James obtained a quiet hearing for one of his favourite orisons, or harangues, and was finally enabled to prescribe terms to his fanatic metropolis. Good discipline was, however, maintained by the chiefs upon this occasion; although the fears of the inhabitants were but too well grounded, considering what had happened in Stirling ten years before, when the Earl of Angus, attended by Home, Buccleuch, and other Border chieftains, marched thither to remove the Earl of Arran from the king's councils: the town was miserably pillaged by the Borderers, particularly by a party of Armstrongs, under this very Kinmont Willie, who not only made prey of horses and cattle, but even of the very iron grating of the windows.—*Johnstoni Historia*, p. 102, ed. Amstæl.—*Moyse's Memoirs*, p. 190.

"The renown of Kinmont Willie is not surprising, since, in 1587, the apprehending that freebooter, and Robert Maxwell, natural brother to the Lord Maxwell, was the main, but unaccomplished, object of a royal expedition to Dumfries. '*Rex . . . Rombertum Maxvallium . . . et Gulielmum Armstrongum Kinmonthum latrociniiis intestinis externisque famosum, conquiri jubet. Missi e ministerio regio qui per aspera loca vitabundos persequuntur, magnoque incommodo afficiunt. At illi latebri; aut silvis se eripiunt.*'—*Johnstoni Historia*, p. 138. About this time, it is possible that Kinmont Willie may have held some connection with the Maxwells, though afterwards a retainer to Buccleuch, the enemy of that tribe. At least, the editor finds, that in a bond of manrent, granted by Simon Elliot of Whytheuch, in Liddesdale, to Lord Maxwell, styled therein Earl of Morton, dated February 28th, 1599, William Armstrong, called Will of Kinmond, appears as a witness.—*Syme's MSS.* According to Satchells, this freebooter was descended of Johne Armstrong of Gilnockie (*ante*, p. 487):—*Est in juvenis, est et in equis, patrum virtus.* In fact, his rapacity made his very name proverbial. Mas James Melvine, in urging reasons against subscribing the Act of Supremacy, in 1584, asks ironically, 'Who shall take order with vice and wickedness? The court and bishops? As well as Martine

Elliot, and Will of Kinmont, with stealing upon the Borders!—*Calderwood*, p. 168.

“This ballad is preserved by tradition on the West Borders, but much mangled by reciters, so that some conjectured emendations have been absolutely necessary to render it intelligible. In particular, the ‘Eden’ has been substituted for the Eske, the latter name being inconsistent with topography.”—Scott.

- 1 OH, have ye na heard of the fause Sakelde ? *
 Oh, have ye na heard of the keen Lord Scroope ?
 How they ha’e ta’en bauld Kinmont Willie, †
 On Haribee to hang him up ? ‡
- 2 Had Willie had but twenty men,
 But twenty men as stout as he,
 Fause Sakelde had never the Kinmont ta’en,
 With eight score in his companie.
- 3 They band his legs beneath the steed,
 They tied his hands behind his back ;
 They guarded him, fivesome on each side,
 And they brought him o’er the Liddel-rack. §
- 4 They led him thro’ the Liddel-rack,
 And also thro’ the Carlisle sands ;
 They brought him to Carlisle castell,
 To be at my Lord Scroope’s commands.
- 5 “My hands are tied, but my tongue is free,
 And wha will dare this deed avow ?
 Or answer by the Border law ?
 Or answer to the bauld Buccleuch ?”
- 6 “Now haud thy tongue, thou rank reiver !
 There’s never a Scot shall set thee free ;
 Before ye cross my castle yate,
 I trow ye shall take farewell of me.”

* The Salkeldes, or Sakeldes, were a powerful family in Cumberland, possessing, among other manors, that of Corby, before it came into the possession of the Howards, in the beginning of the seventeenth century. A strange stratagem was practised by an outlaw, called Jock Græme of the Peartree, upon Mr. Salkelde, Sheriff of Cumberland, who is probably the person alluded to in the ballad, as the fact is stated to have happened late in Elizabeth’s time. The brother of this freebooter was lying in Carlisle jail for execution, when Jock of the Peartree came riding past the gate of Corby Castle. A child of the sheriff was playing before the door, to whom the outlaw gave an apple, saying, “Master, will you ride ?” The boy willingly consenting, Græme took him up before him, carried him into Scotland, and would never part with him, till he had his brother safe from the gallows. There is no historical ground for supposing, either that Salkelde, or any one else, lost his life in the raid of Carlisle.

† In the list of Border clans, 1597, Will of Kinmonth, with Krystie Armestrange, and John Skynbanke, are mentioned as leaders of a band of Armstrongs called Sandies Barnes, inhabiting the Debateable Land.

‡ Haribee is the place of execution at Carlisle.

§ The Liddel-rack is a ford on the Liddel.

- 7 "Fear na ye that, my lord," quo' Willie ·
 "By the faith of my body, Lord Scroope," he said,
 "I never yet lodged in a hostelrie,^a
 But I paid my lawing^b before I gaed."
- 8 Now word is gane to the bauld Keeper,
 In Branksome Ha', where that he lay,
 That Lord Scroope has ta'en the Kinmont Willie,
 Between the hours of night and day.
- 9 He has ta'en the table with his hand,
 He gar'd the red wine spring on hie:
 "Now Christ's curse on my head," he said,
 "But avenged of Lord Scroope I'll be!
- 10 "Oh, is my basnet^c a widow's curch?^d
 Or my lance a wand of the willow tree?
 Or my arm a ladye's lily hand,
 That an English lord should lightly^e me?
- 11 "And have they ta'en him, Kinmont Willie,
 Against the truce of Border tide?
 And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch
 Is Keeper here on the Scottish side?
- 12 "And have they e'en ta'en him, Kinmont Willie,
 Withouten either dread or fear?
 And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch
 Can back a steed, or shake a spear?
- 13 "Oh, were there war between the lands,
 As well I wot that there is none,
 I wou'd slight Carlisle castell high,
 Though it were builded of marble stone.
- 14 "I wou'd set that castell in a lowe,^f
 And sloken it with English blood!
 There's never a man in Cumberland
 Shou'd ken where Carlisle castell stood.
- 15 "But since nae war's between the lands,
 And there is peace, and peace shou'd be,
 I'll neither harm English lad or lass,
 And yet the Kinmont freed shall be!"

^a "Hostelrie:" inn.^b "Lawing:" reckoning.^c "Basnet:" helmet.^d "Curch:" coif.^e "Lightly:" set light by.^f "Lowe:" flame.

- 16 He has call'd him forty Marchmen bauld,
I trow they were of his ain name,
Except Sir Gilbert Elliot, call'd
The Laird of Stobs, I mean the same.
- 17 He has call'd him forty Marchmen bauld,
Were kinsmen to the bauld Buccleuch;
With spur on heel, and splent on spauld,*
And gleuves of green, and feathers blue.
- 18 There were five and five before them all,
With hunting-horns and bugles bright;
And five and five came with Buccleuch,
Like warden's men, array'd for fight.
- 19 And five and five, like a mason gang,
That carried the ladders lang and hie;
And five and five, like broken men;
And so they reach'd the Woodhouselee.†
- 20 And as we cross'd the 'Bateable land,
When to the English side we held,
The first of men that we met with,
Wha shou'd it be but fause Sakelde!
- 21 "Where be ye gaun, ye hunters keen?"
Quo' fause Sakelde; "come tell to me!"
"We go to hunt an English stag,
Has trespass'd on the Scots countrie."
- 22 "Where be ye gaun, ye marshal men?"
Quo' fause Sakelde; "come tell me true!"
"We go to catch a rank reiver,
Has broken faith with the bauld Buccleuch."
- 23 "Where are ye gaun, ye mason lads,
With all your ladders, lang and hie?"
"We gang to herry a corbie's nest,
That wons not far frae Woodhouselee."
- 24 "Where be ye gaun, ye broken men?"
Quo' fause Sakelde; "come tell to me!"
Now Dickie of Dryhope led that band,
And the never a word of lear ‡ had he.

* "Splent on spauld:" armour on shoulder.

† "Woodhouselee:" a house on the Border, belonging to Buccleuch.

‡ "Lear:" learning.

- 25 "Why trespass ye on the English side?
Row-footed outlaws, stand!" quo' he;
The never a word had Dickie to say,
Sae he thrust the lance through his fause bodie.
- 26 Then on we held for Carlisle toun,
And at Staneshaw-bank the Eden we cross'd;
The water was great and meikle of spate,*
But the never a horse nor man we lost.
- 27 And when we reached the Staneshaw-bank,
The wind was rising loud and hie;
And there the laird gar'd leave our steeds,
For fear that they shou'd stamp and nie.
- 28 And when we left the Staneshaw-bank,
The wind began full loud to blaw;
But 'twas wind and weet, and fire and sleet,
When we came beneath the castle wa'.
- 29 We crept on knees, and held our breath,
Till we placed the ladders against the wa';
And sae ready was Buccleuch himsel'
To mount the first before us a'.
- 30 He has ta'en the watchman by the throat,
He flung him down upon the lead.
"Had there not been peace between our lands,
Upon the other side thou hadst gaed!
- 31 "Now sound out, trumpets!" quo' Buccleuch;
"Let's waken Lord Scroope right merriliel!"
Then loud the warden's trumpet blew—
"*O wha dare meddle wi' me?*"†
- 32 Then speedilie to wark we gaed,
And raised the slogan ane and a',
And cut a hole through a sheet of lead,
And so we wan to the castle ha'.
- 33 They thought King James and all his men
Had won the house with bow and spear;
It was but twenty Scots and ten,
That put a thousand in sic a stear!‡

* "Spate:" flood.

† The name of a Border tune or slogan.

‡ "Stear:" stir.

- 34 With coulters, and with forehammers,
We gar'd the bars bang merrilie,
Until we came to the inner prison,
Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie.
- 35 And when we came to the lower prison,
Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie:
"Oh, sleep ye, wake ye, Kinmont Willie,
Upon the morn that thou's to die?"
- 36 "Oh, I sleep saft,^a and I wake aft;
It's lang since sleeping was fley'd^b frae me!
Gi'e my service back to my wife and bairns,
And all gude fellows that speir^c for me."
- 37 Then Red Rowan has hente him up,
The starkest man in Teviotdale:
"Abide, abide now, Red Rowan,
Till of my Lord Scroope I take farewell.
- 38 "Farewell, farewell, my gude Lord Scroope!
My gude Lord Scroope, farewell!" he cried;
"I'll pay you for my lodging maill,^d
When first we meet on the Border side."
- 39 Then shoulder high, with shout and cry,
We bore him down the ladder lang;
At every stride Red Rowan made,
I wot the Kinmont's airns play'd clang!
- 40 "Oh, mony a time," quo' Kinmont Willie,
"I have ridden horse baith wild and wud;
But a rougher beast than Red Rowan,
I ween my legs have ne'er bestrode.
- 41 "And mony a time," quo' Kinmont Willie,
"I've prick'd a horse out o'er the furs;^e
But since the day I back'd a steed,
I never wore sic cumbrous spurs!"^f

^a "Saft:" light.^d "Maill:" rent.^b "Fley'd:" frightened.^e "Furs:" furrows.^c "Speir:" inquire.

^f [In many of the recitals, is a mixture of rough humour, which like the characterizing touches of Hogarth's pencil, gives an animation often attempted in vain by more polished writers. Of this, the ballad of "Kinmont Willie" affords many examples, especially where he is borne out of prison in irons on the shoulders of Red Rowan, the starkest man in Teviotdale.—*Edin. Review*, Jan., 1803.]

- 42 We scarce had won the Staneshaw-bank,
When all the Carlisle bells were rung,
And a thousand men, on horse and foot,
Came with the keen Lord Scroope along.
- 43 Buccleuch has turn'd to Eden Water,
Even where it flowed frae bank to brim,
And he has plunged in with all his band,
And safely swam them through the stream.
- 44 He turn'd him on the other side,
And at Lord Scroope his glove flung he:
"If ye like na my visit in merry England,
In fair Scotland come visit me!"
- 45 All sore astonish'd stood Lord Scroope,
He stood as still as rock of stane;
He scarcely dared to trew his eyes,
When through the water they had gane.
- 46 "He is either himsel' a devil frae hell,
Or else his mother a witch maun be;
I wou'dna have ridden that wan water
For all the gowd in Christentie."

JAMIE TELFER OF THE FAIR DODHEAD.

From Scott's *Minstrelsy*, vol. ii., p. 3.

"There is another ballad, under the same title as the following, in which nearly the same incidents are narrated, with little difference, except that the honour of rescuing the cattle is attributed to the Liddesdale Elliots, headed by a Chief, there called Martin Elliot of the Preakin Tower, whose son, Simon, is said to have fallen in the action. It is very possible that both the Teviotdale Scotts, and the Elliots, were engaged in the affair, and that each claimed the honour of the victory.

"The editor presumes, that the Willie Scott, here mentioned, must have been a natural son of the Laird of Buccleuch."—Scott.

- 1 It fell about the Martinmas tyde,
When our Border steeds get corn and hay,
The Captain of Bewcastle hath bound him to ryde,
And he's o'er to Tividale to drive a prey.
- 2 The first ae guide that they met with,
It was high up in Hardhaughswire; *
The second guide that they met with,
It was laigh down in Borthwick Water. †

* Hardhaughswire is the pass from Liddesdale to the head of Teviotdale.

† Borthwick Water is a stream which falls into the Teviot three miles above Hawick.

- 3 "What tidings, what tidings, my trusty guide?"
 "Nae tidings, nae tidings I ha'e to thee;
 But gin ye'll gae to the fair Dodhead,^a
 Mony a cow's calf I'll let thee see."
- 4 And when they came to the fair Dodhead,
 Right hastily they clamb the peel;
 They loosed the kye out, ane and all,
 And ranshacked^b the house right weel.
- 5 Now Jamie Telfer's heart was sair,^c
 The tear aye rowing in his e'e;
 He pled with the Captain to ha'e his gear,
 Or else revenged he wou'd be.
- 6 The Captain turned him round and leugh;
 Said—"Man, there's naething in thy house,
 But ae auld sword without a sheath,
 That hardly now would fell a mouse."
- 7 The sun wasna up, but the moon was down,
 It was the gryming^d of a new-fa'n snaw;
 Jamie Telfer has run ten miles a-foot,
 Between the Dodhead and the Stobs's Ha'.^e
- 8 And when he came to the fair tower yate,
 He shouted loud, and cried weel "Hie!"
 Till out bespak auld Gibby Elliot,—
 "Wha's this that brings the frae to me?"
- 9 "It's I, Jamie Telfer of the fair Dodhead,
 And a harried man I think I be!
 There's naething left at the fair Dodhead,
 But a waefu' wife and bairnies three."
- 10 "Gae seek your succour at Branksome Ha',^f
 For succour ye'se get nane frae me!
 Gae seek your succour where ye paid black-mail,
 For, man, ye ne'er paid money to me."
- 11 Jamie has turned him round about,
 I wat the tear blinded his e'e:
 "I'll ne'er pay mail to Elliot again,
 And the fair Dodhead I'll never see!

^a The Dodhead, in Selkirkshire, near Singler, where there are still the vestiges of an old tower.

^b "Ranshacked:" ransacked.

^c There is still a family of Telfers, residing near Langholm, who pretend to derive their descent from the Telfers of the Dodhead.

^d "Gryming:" sprinkling.

^e Stobs Hall, upon Slitterick. Jamie Telfer made his first application here, because he seems to have paid the proprietor of the castle black-mail, or protection-money.

^f The ancient family-seat of the Lairds of Buccleuch, near Hawick.

- 12 " My hounds may all rin masterless,
My hawks may fly frae tree to tree,
My lord may grip my vassal lands,
For there again maun I never be!"
- 13 He has turn'd him to the Tiviot side,
E'en as fast as he cou'd drie,
Till he came to the Coultart Cleugh,*
And there he shouted baith loud and hie.
- 14 Then up bespak' him auld Jock Grieve,—
" Wha's this that brings the fraye to me!"
" It's I, Jamie Telfer of the fair Dodhead,
A harried man I trow I be.
- 15 " There's naething left in the fair Dodhead,
But a greeting wife and bairnies three;
And sax poor calfs stand in the stall,
All routing loud for their minnie." †
- 16 " Alack a wae!" quo' auld Jock Grieve,
" Alack! my heart is sair for thee!
For I was married on the elder sister,
And you on the youngest of all the three."
- 17 Then he has ta'en out a bonnie black,
Was right weel fed with corn and hay,
And he's set Jamie Telfer on his back,
To the Catslockhill to tak' the fraye.
- 18 And when he came to the Catslockhill,
He shouted loud, and cried weel " Hie!"
Till out and spak' him William's Wat,—
" Oh, wha's this brings the fraye to me?"
- 19 " It's I, Jamie Telfer of the fair Dodhead,
A harried man I think I be!
The Captain of Bewcastle has driven my gear;
For God's sake rise, and succour me!"
- 20 " Alas for wae!" quoth William's Wat,
" Alack, for thee my heart is sair!
I never came by the fair Dodhead,
That ever I fand thy basket bare."
- 21 He's set his twa sons on coal-black steeds,
Himsel' upon a freckled gray,
And they are on with Jamie Telfer,
To Branksome Ha' to tak' the fraye.

* The Coultart Cleugh is nearly opposite to Carlinrig, on the road between Hawick and Mossbail.

† "Minnie:" mother.

- 22 And when they came to Branksome Ha',
They shouted all baith loud and hie,
Till up and spak' him auld Buccleuch,
Said—"Wha's this brings the fraye to me?"
- 23 "It's I, Jamie Telfer of the fair Dodhead,
And a harried man I think I be!
There's naught left in the fair Dodhead,
But a greeting wife and bairnies three."
- 24 "Alack for wae!" quoth the gude auld lord,
"And ever my heart is wae for thee!
But fye, gar cry on Willie, my son,
And see that he come to me speedilie!
- 25 "Gar warn the water,* braid and wide,
Gar warn it sune and hastilie!
They that winna ride for Telfer's kye,
Let them never look in the face of me!
- 26 "Warn Wat o' Harden, and his sons,†
With them will Borthwick Water ride;
Warn Gaudilands, and Allanhaugh,
And Gilmanscleugh, and Commonsie.
- 27 "Ride by the gate of Priestthaughswire,‡
And warn the Currors o' the Lea;
As ye come down the Hermitage Slack,
Warn doughty Willie o' Gorrinberry."
- 28 The Scotts they rade, the Scotts they ran,
Sae starkly and sae steadilie!
And aye the ower-word o' the thrang
Was—"Rise for Branksome readilie!"
- 29 The gear was driven the Frostylee up,§
Frae the Frostylee unto the plain,
When Willie has look'd his men before,
And saw the kye right fast drivan'.

* The water, in the mountainous districts of Scotland, is often used to express the banks of the river, which are the only inhabitable parts of the country. To raise the water, therefore, was to alarm those who lived along its side.

† The estates, mentioned in this verse, belonged to families of the name of Scott, residing upon the waters of Borthwick and Teviot, near the castle of their chief.

‡ The pursuers seem to have taken the road through the hills of Liddesdale, in order to collect forces, and intercept the forayers at the passage of the Liddel, on their return to Bewcastle. The Ritterford and Kershope ford, after-mentioned, are noted fords on the river Liddel.

§ The Frostylee is a brook which joins the Teviot near MossPaul.

- 30 "Wha drives thir kye?" 'gan Willie say,
 "To make an outspeckle* of me?"
 "It's I, the Captain o' Bewcastle, Willie,
 I winna layne my name for thee."
- 31 "Oh, will ye let Telfer's kye gae back?
 Or will ye do aught for regard of me?
 Or by the faith of my body," quo' Willie Scott,
 "I'se ware my dame's calf-skin on thee!"
- 32 "I winna let the kye gae back,
 Neither for thy love, nor yet thy fear;
 But I will drive Jamie Telfer's kye,
 In spite of every Scott that's here."
- 33 "Set on them, lads!" quo' Willie then;
 "Fye, lads, set on them cruellie!
 For ere they win to the Ritterford,
 Mony a toom† saddle there shall be!"
- 34 Then til't they gaed, with heart and hand,
 The blows fell fast as bickering hail;
 And mony a horse ran masterless,
 And mony a comely cheek was pale.
- 35 But Willie was stricken o'er the head,
 And thro' the knapcap‡ the sword has gane;
 And Harden grat for very rage, §
 When Willie on the grund lay slain.

* "Outspeckle:" laughing-stock

† "Toom:" empty.

‡ "Knapcap:" headpiece.

§ Of this Border laird, commonly called Auld Wat of Harden, tradition has preserved many anecdotes. He was married to Mary Scott, celebrated in song by the title of the Flower of Yarrow. By their marriage-contract, the father-in-law, Philip Scott of Dryhope, was to find Harden in horse meat, and man's meat, at his Tower of Dryhope, for a year and a day; but five barons pledge themselves that, at the expiry of that period, the son-in-law should remove, without attempting to continue in possession by force! A notary-public signed for all the parties to the deed, none of whom could write their names. The original is still in the charter-room of the present Mr. Scott of Harden. By the Flower of Yarrow the Laird of Harden had six sons; five of whom survived him, and founded the families of Harden (now extinct), Highchesters (now representing Harden), Reaburn, Wool, and Synton. The sixth son was slain at a fray, in a hunting-match, by the Scotts of Gilmanscleugh. His brothers flew to arms; but the old laird secured them in the dungeon of his tower, hurried to Edinburgh, stated the crime, and obtained a gift of the lands of the offenders from the Crown. He returned to Harden with equal speed, released his sons, and showed them the charter. "To horse, lads!" cried the savage warrior, "and let us take possession! The lands of Gilmanscleugh are well worth a dead son." The property thus obtained, continued in the family till the beginning of last century, when it was sold by John Scott of Harden, to Ann, Duchess of Buccleuch. A beautiful ballad, founded on this tradition, occurs in the *Mountain Bard*, a collection of legendary poetry by Mr. James Hogg.

- 36 But he's ta'en aff his gude steel cap,
And thrice he's waved it in the air;
The Dinlay* snaw was ne'er mair white
Nor the lyart locks of Harden's hair.
- 37 "Revenge! revenge!" auld Wat 'gan cry;
"Fye, lads, lay on them cruellie!
We'll ne'er see Teviotside again,
Or Willie's death reveng'd shall be."†
- 38 Oh, mony a horse ran masterless,
The splinter'd lances flew on hie;
But or they wan to the Kershope ford,
The Scotts had gotten the victory.
- 39 John o' Brigham there was slain,‡
And John of Barlow, as I heard say;
And thirty mae of the Captain's men
Lay bleeding on the grund that day.
- 40 The Captain was run through the thick of the thigh,
And broken was his right leg bane;
If he had lived this hundred years,
He had never been loved by woman again.
- 41 "Ha'e back the kye!" the Captain said;
"Dear kye, I trow, to some they be!
For if I shou'd live a hundred years,
There will ne'er fair ladye smile on me."
- 42 Then word is gone to the Captain's bride,
Even in the bow'r where that she lay,
That her lord was prisoner in enemy's land,
Since into Tividale he had led the way.
- 43 "I wad lourd§ have had a winding-sheet,
And help'd to put it o'er his head,
Ere he had been disgraced by the Border Scott,
When he o'er Liddel his men did lead!"—

* The Dinlay is a mountain in Liddesdale.

† ["Nothing can be more striking than the picture of old Harden, in the fight for Jamie Telfer's cattle."—*Edinburgh Review*.]

‡ Perhaps one of the ancient family of Brougham, in Cumberland. The editor has used some freedom with the original in the subsequent verse. The account of the Captain's disaster (*teste læva vulnerata*) is rather too *naïve* for literal publication.

§ "Lourd:" liefer; rather.

- 44 There was a wild gallant amang us all,
His name was Watty with the Wudspurs,*
Cried—"On for his house in Stanegirthside,†
If ony man will ride with us!"
- 45 When they came to the Stanegirthside,
They dang with trees, and burst the door;
They loosed out all the Captain's kye,
And set them forth our lads before.
- 46 There was an auld wife ayont the fire,
A wee bit of the Captain's kin:
"Wha dare loose out the Captain's kye,
Or answer to him and his men?"
- 47 "It's I, Watty Wudspurs, loose the kye,
I winna layne my name frae thee!
And I will loose out the Captain's kye,
In scorn of all his men and he."
- 48 When they came to the fair Dodhead,
They were a welcome sight to see!
For instead of his ain ten milk kye,
Jamie Telfer has gotten thirty and three.
- 49 And he has paid the rescue shot,
Baith with gowd and white monie;
And at the burial of Willie Scott,
I wat was mony a weeping e'e.‡

DICK O' THE COW.

"This ballad, and the two which immediately follow it in the collection, were first published, 1784, in the *Hawick Museum*, a provincial miscellany, to which they were communicated by John Elliot, Esq. of Reidheugh, a gentleman well skilled in the antiquities of the Western Border, and to whose friendly assistance the editor is indebted for many valuable communications.

* "Wudspurs:" hotspur, or madspur.

† A house belonging to the Foresters, situated on the English side of the Liddel.

‡ An article in the list of attempts upon England, fouled by the Commissioners at Berwick, in the year 1587, may relate to the subject of the foregoing ballad.

October, 1582.

Thomas Musgrave, deputy of Bewcastle, and the ten- ants, against	Walter Scott, Laird of } Buckluth, and his com- } plices; for	230 kine and oxen, 300 gait and sheep.
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—Introduction to the *History of Westmoreland and Cumberland*, p. 41.

"These ballads are connected with each other, and appear to have been composed by the same author. The actors seem to have flourished while Thomas Lord Scroope, of Bolton, was Warden of the West Marches of England, and Governor of Carlisle Castle; which offices he acquired upon the death of his father, about 1590, and retained till the union of the crowns.

"Dick of the Cow, from the privileged insolence which he assumes, seems to have been Lord Scroope's jester. The Border custom of assuming *nommes de guerre* is exemplified in the following ballad, where one Armstrong is called the Laird's Jock (*i. e.*, the Laird's son Jock), another fair Johnnie, a third Billie Willie (brother Willie), &c. The Laird's Jock, son to the Laird of Manger-toun, appears, as one of the men of name in Liddesdale, in the list of the Border clans, 1597.

"Dick of the Cow is erroneously supposed to have been the same with one Ricardus Coldall, de Plumpton, a knight and celebrated warrior, who died in 1462, as appears from his epitaph in the church of Penrith.—Nicholson's *History of Westmoreland and Cumberland*, vol. ii., p. 408.

"This ballad is very popular in Liddesdale, and the reciter always adds, at the conclusion, that poor Dickie's cautious removal to Burgh under Stanemore, did not save him from the clutches of the Arm-strongs: for that, having fallen into their power several years after this exploit, he was put to an inhuman death. The ballad was well known in England so early as 1596. An allusion to it occurs in Parrot's *Laquei Ridiculosi*, or *Springes for Woodcocks*. London, 1613.

'Owenns wondreth since he came to Wales,
What the description of this isle should be,
That nere had seen but mountains, hills and dales,
Yet would he boast, and stand on pedigree,
From Rice ap Richard, sprung from Dick a Cow,
Be cod, was right gud gentleman, look ye now!'—*Epigr.* 76.'

—Scott's *Minstrelsy*, vol. ii., p. 61.

[Elsewhere, Scott writes:—"In the sixteenth century, these Northern tales appear to have been popular even in London; for the learned Mr. Ritson has obligingly pointed out to me the following passages, respecting the noted ballad of 'Dick o' the Cow':—'Dick o' the Cow, that mad demi-lance Northern Borderer, who plaid his prizes with the Lord Jockey so bravely.'—Nashe's *Have with you to Sajfren Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, 1596, 4to. Epistle Dedicatorie, sig. A.2.6. And in a list of books, printed for, and sold by, P. Brocksby (1668), occurs 'Dick-a-the-Cow, containing North Country Songs.' Could this collection have been found, it would probably have thrown much light on the present publication."—*Minstrelsy*, Introduction, vol. i., p. 222.]

- 1 Now Liddesdale has layen lang in,
There is na ryding there at all;
The horses are all grown sae litter fat,
They downa stir out of the stall.

- 2 Fair Johnnie Armstrong to Willie did say,—
“Billie, a-riding we will gae;
England and us have been lang at feid;
Aiblins we’ll light on some bootie.”
- 3 Then they are come on to Hutton Ha’;
They rade that proper place about;
But the laird he was the wiser man,
For he had left nae gear without.
- 4 For he had left nae gear to steal,
Except sax sheep upon a lea:
Quo’ Johnnie—“I’d rather in England dee,
Ere thir sax sheep gae to Liddesdale with me.
- 5 “But how call they the man we last met,
Billie, as we came o’er the knowe?”
“That same he is an innocent fule,
And men they call him Dick o’ the Cow.”
- 6 “That fule has three as good kye of his ain
As there are in all Cumberland, Billie,” quo’ he:
“Betide me life, betide me death,
These kye shall go to Liddesdale with me.”
- 7 Then they have come to the puir fule’s house,
And they ha’e broken his walls sae wide;
They have loosed out Dick o’ the Cow’s three kye
And ta’en three coverlets frae his wife’s bed.
- 8 Then on the morn, when the day was light,
The shouts and cries raise loud and hie:
“Oh, haud thy tongue, my wife,” he says,
“And of thy crying let me be!
- 9 “Oh, haud thy tongue, my wife,” he says,
“And of thy crying let me be;
And aye, where thou hast lost ae cow,
In gude sooth I shall bring thee three.”
- 10 Now Dickie’s gane to the gude Lord Scroope,
And I wat a drearie fule was he:
“Now haud thy tongue, my fule,” he says,
“For I may not stand to jest with thee.”
- 11 “Shame fall your jesting, my lord!” quo’ Dickie,
“For nae sic jesting ’grees with me;
Liddesdale’s been in my house last night,
And they ha’e awa my three kye-frae me.

- 12 "But I may nae longer in Cumberland dwell,
To be your puir fule and your leal,
Unless you gi'e me leave, my lord,
To gae to Liddesdale and steal."
- 13 "I gi'e thee leave, my fule!" he says;
"Thou speakest against my honour and me,
Unless thou gi'e me thy trowth and thy hand,
Thou'lt steal frae nane but wha stole frae thee."
- 14 "There is my trowth, and my right hand!
My head shall hang on Hairibee,
I'll ne'er cross Carlisle sands again,
If I steal frae a man but wha stole frae me."
- 15 Dickie's ta'en leave of lord and master;
I wat a merry fule was he!
He's bought a bridle and a pair of new spurs,
And pack'd them up in his breek thie.*
- 16 Then Dickie's come on to Pudding-burn house,†
E'en as fast as he might dree;‡
Then Dickie's come on to Pudding-burn,
Where there were thirty Armstrangs and three.
- 17 "Oh, what's this come of me now?" quo' Dickie;
"What meikle wae is this?" quo' he;
"For here is but ae innocent fule,
And there are thirty Armstrangs and three."
- 18 Yet he has come up to the fair hall board;
Sae well he's become his courtesie!
"Well may ye be, my gude laird's Jock,
But the deil bless all your companie."
- 19 "I'm come to 'plain of your man, fair Johnnie Armstrang,
And syne of his billie Willie," quo' he;
"How they've been in my house last night,
And they ha'e ta'en my three kye frae me."
- 20 "Ha!" quo' fair Johnnie Armstrang, "we will him hang."
"Na," quo' Willie, "we will him slay."
Then up and spake another young Armstrang,
"We'll gi'e him his batts, and let him gae."§

* "Breek thie;" the side pocket of his breeches.

† This was a house of strength held by the Armstrangs. The ruins at present form a sheepfold on the farm of Reidsmoos, belonging to the Duke of Buccleuch.

‡ "Dree" *i. e.*, endure.

§ "Gi'e him his batts, and let him gae:" dismiss him with a beating.

- 21 But up and spake the gude laird's Jock,
The best falla in all the companie:
"Sit down thy ways a little while, Dickie,
And a piece of thy ain cow's hough I'll gi'e ye."
- 22 But Dickie's heart it grew sae grit,
That the ne'er a bit o't he dought to eat;
Then he was aware of an auld peat-house,
Where all the night he thought for to sleep.
- 23 Then Dickie was aware of an auld peat-house,
Where all the night he thought for to lye;
And all the prayers the puir fule prayed,
Were—"I wish I had amends for my gude three kye!"
- 24 It was then the use of Pudding-burn house,
And the house of Mangerton,* all hail,
Them that came na at the first call,
Gat nae mair meat till the neist meal.
- 25 The lads, that hungry and weary were,
Abune the door-head they threw the key;
Dickie he took gude notice of that;
Says—"There will be a bootie for me."
- 26 Then Dickie has into the stable gane,
Where there stood thirty horses and three;
He has tied them all with St. Mary's knot,
All these horses but barely three.†
- 27 He has tied them all with St. Mary's knot,
All these horses but barely three;
He's loup on ane, ta'en another in hand,
And away as fast as he can hie.
- 28 But on the morn, when the day grew light,
The shouts and cries rose loud and hie;
"Ah! wha has done this?" quo' the gude laird's Jock,
Tell me the truth and the veritie!
- 29 "Wha has done this deed?" quo' the gude laird's Jock;
"See that to me ye dinna lie!"
"Dickie has been in the stable last night,
And has ta'en my brother's horse and mine frae me."

* The Laird of Mangerton was chief of the clan Armstrong.

† Hamstringing a horse is termed, in the Border dialect, tying him with St. Mary's knot. Dickie used this cruel expedient to prevent a pursuit. It appears from the narration, that the horses left unhurt belonged to fair Johnnie Armstrong, his brother Willie, and the laird's Jock; of which Dickie carried off two, and left that of the laird's Jock, probably out of gratitude for the protection he had afforded him on his arrival.

- 30 "Ye wou'd ne'er be tauld," quo' the gude laird's Jock;
 "Ha'e ye not found my tales fu' leal?
 Ye ne'er wou'd out of England bide,
 Till crooked, and blind, and all wou'd steal."
- 31 "But lend me thy bay," fair Johnnie 'gan say;
 "There 's nae horse loose in the stable save he;
 And I'll either fetch Dick o' the Cow again,
 Or the day is come that he shall dee."
- 32 "To lend thee my bay!" the laird's Jock 'gan say;
 "He 's baith worth gowd and gude monie:
 Dick o' the Cow has awa twa horse,
 I wish na thou may make him three."
- 33 He has ta'en the laird's jack on his back,
 A twa-handed sword to hang by his thie;
 He has ta'en a steel cap on his head,
 And galloped on to follow Dickie.
- 34 Dickie was na a mile frae aff the town,
 I wat a mile but barely three,
 When he was o'erta'en by fair Johnnie Armstrang,
 Hand for hand, on Cannobie lee.*
- 35 "Abide, abide, thou traitor thief!
 The day is come that thou mayn dee."
 Then Dickie look't o'er his left shouther,
 Said—"Johnnie, hast thou nae mae in companie?"
- 36 "There is a preacher in our chapell,
 And all the live-lang day teaches he:
 When day is gane, and night is come,
 There 's ne'er a word I mark but three.
- 37 "The first and second is—Faith and Conscience;
 The third—Ne'er let a traitor free;
 But, Johnnie, what faith and conscience was thine,
 When thou took awa my three kye frae me?"
- 38 "And when thou had ta'en awa my three kye,
 Thou thought in thy heart thou wast not weel sped,
 Till thou sent thy billie Willie o'er the knowe,
 To take three coverlets off my wife's bed!"
- 39 Then Johnnie let a spear fall laigh by his thie,
 Thought weel to ha'e slain the innocent, I trow;
 But the powers above were mair than he,
 For he ran but the puir fule's jerkin through.

* A rising ground on Cannobie, on the Borders of Liddesdale.

- 40 Together they ran, or ever they blan: *
 This was Dickie the fule and he!
 Dickie cou'd na win at him with the blade of the sword,
 But fell'd him with the plummet under the e'e.
- 41 Thus Dickie has fell'd fair Johnnie Armstrang,
 The prettiest man in the south country:
 "Gramercy!" then 'gan Dickie say,
 "I had but twa horse, thou hast made me three!"
- 42 He's ta'en the steel jack aff Johnnie's back,
 The twa-handed sword that hung low by his thie;
 He's ta'en the steel cap aff his head,—
 "Johnnie, I'll tell my master I met with thee."
- 43 When Johnnie wakened out of his dream,
 I wat a drearie man was he:
 "And is thou gane? Now, Dickie, then
 The shame and dule is left with me.
- 44 "And is thou gane? Now, Dickie, then
 The deil gae in thy companie!
 For if I shou'd live these hundred years,
 I ne'er shall fight with a fule after thee."
- 45 Then Dickie's come hame to the gude Lord Scroope,
 E'en as fast as he might hie:
 "Now, Dickie, I'll neither eat nor drink,
 Till hie hangèd thou shalt be."
- 46 "The shame speed the liars, my lord!" quo' Dickie;
 "This was na the promise ye made to me!
 For I'd ne'er gang to Liddesdale to steal,
 Had I not got my leave frae thee."
- 47 "But what gar'd thee steal the laird's Jock's horse?
 And, limmer, what gar'd ye steal him?" quo' he;
 "For lang thou mightst in Cumberland dwelt,
 Ere the laird's Jock had stolen frae thee."†

* "Blan:" blew, breathed.

† The commendation of the laird's Jock's honesty seems but indifferently founded; for, in July, 1586, a bill was fouled against him, Dick of Dryup, and others, by the deputy of Bewcastle, at a warden meeting, for 400 head of cattle taken in open foray from the Drysike, in Bewcastle; and in September, 1587, another complaint appears at the instance of one Andrew Rutlege of the Nook, against the laird's Jock and his accomplices, for fifty kine and oxen, besides furniture to the amount of 100 merks sterling. See Bell's MSS., as quoted in the *History of Cumberland and Westmoreland*. In Sir Richard Maitland's poem against the thieves of Liddesdale, he thus commemorates the laird's Jock:—

"They spuillye puir men of their pakis,
 They leif them nocht on bed nor bakis;
 Baith hen and cok,
 With reil and rok,
 The lairdis Jock,
 All with him takis."

- 48 "Indeed, I wat ye lied, my lord!
And e'en sae loud as I hear ye lie!
I wan the horse frae fair Johnnie Armstrang,
Hand to hand, on Cannobie lee.
- 49 "There is the jack was on his back;
This twa-handed sword hung laigh by his thie;
And there's the steel cap was on his head;
I brough all these tokens to let thee see."
- 50 "If that be true thou to me tells
(And I think thou dares na tell a lie),
I'll gi'e thee fifteen pund for the horse,
Weel tauld on thy cloak lap shall be.
- 51 "I'll gi'e thee ane of my best milk kye,
To maintain thy wife and children three;
And that may be as gude, I think,
As ony twa of thine wou'd be."
- 52 "The shame speed the liars, my lord!" quo' Dickie;
"Trow ye aye to make a fule of me?
I'll either ha'e twenty pund for the gude horse,
Or he's gae to Morton fair with me."
- 53 He's gi'en him twenty pund for the gude horse,
All in gowd and gude monie;
He's gi'en him ane of his best milk kye,
To maintain his wife and children three.
- 54 Then Dickie's come down thro' Carlisle toun,
E'en as fast as he cou'd drie;
The first of men that he met with
Was my lord's brother, Bailiff Glozenburrie.
- 55 "Weel be ye met, my gude Ralph Scroope!"
"Welcome, my brother's fule!" quo' he:
"Where didst thou get fair Johnnie Armstrang's horse?"
"Where did I get him, but steal him," quo' he.

Those who plundered Dick had been bred up under an expert teacher. Tradition reports that the laird's Jock survived to extreme old age, when he died in the following extraordinary manner. A challenge had been given by an Englishman, named Forster, to any Scottish Borderer, to fight him at a place called Kershopefoot, exactly upon the Borders. The laird's Jock's only son accepted the defiance, and was armed by his father with his own two-handed sword. The old champion himself, though bedridden, insisted upon being present at the battle. He was borne to the place appointed, wrapped, it is said, in blankets, and placed upon a very high stone to witness the conflict. In the duel his son fell, treacherously slain, as the Scottish tradition affirms. The old man gave a loud yell of terror and despair when he saw him slain, and his noble weapon won by an Englishman, and died as they bore him home. A venerable Border poet (though of these latter days) has composed a poem on this romantic incident. The stone on which the laird's Jock sat to behold the duel was in existence till wantonly destroyed a year or two since. It was always called *THE LAIRD'S JOCK'S STONE*, 1802.

- 56 "But wilt thou sell me the bonnie horse?
And, billie, wilt thou sell him to me?" quo' he:
"Ay; if thou'lt tell me the monie on my cloak lap;
For there's never ae penny I'll trust thee."
- 57 "I'll gi'e thee ten punds for the gude horse,
Weel tauld on thy cloak lap they shall be;
And I'll gi'e thee ane of the best milk kye,
To maintain thy wife and children three."
- 58 "The shame speed the liars, my lord!" quo' Dickie;
"Trow ye aye to make a fule of me!
I'll either ha'e twenty punds for the gude horse,
Or he's gae to Morton fair with me."
- 59 He's gi'en him twenty punds for the gude horse,
Baith in gowd and gude monie;
He's gi'en him ane of his milk kye,
To maintain his wife and children three.
- 60 Then Dickie lap a loup full hie,
And I wat a loud laugh laughed he:
"I wish the neck of the third horse was broken,
If ony of the twa were better than he!"
- 61 Then Dickie's come hame to his wife again;
Judge ye how the pair fule had sped!
He has gi'en her twa score English punds,
For the three auld coverlets ta'en aff her bed.
- 62 "And take thee these twa as gude kye,
I trow, as all thy three might be;
And yet here is a white-footed nagie,
I trow he'll carry baith thee and me.
- 63 "But I may nae langer in Cumberland bide;
The Armstrangs they wou'd hang me hie."
So Dickie's ta'en leave of lord and master,
And at Burgh-under-Stanmuir there dwells he.

JOCK O' THE SIDE.

"The subject of this ballad being a common event in those troublesome and disorderly times, became a favourite theme of the ballad-makers. There are in this collection no fewer than three

poems on the rescue of prisoners, the incidents in which nearly resemble each other; though the poetical description is so different, that the editor did not think himself at liberty to reject any of them, as borrowed from the others. As, however, there are several verses, which, in recitation, are common to all these three songs, the editor, to prevent unnecessary and disagreeable repetition, has used the freedom of appropriating them to that in which they seem to have the best poetic effect.

"The reality of this story rests solely upon the foundation of tradition. Jock o' the Side seems to have been nephew to the laird of Mangertoun, cousin to the laird's Jock, one of his deliverers, and probably brother to Christie of the Syde, mentioned in the list of Border clans, 1597. Like the laird's Jock, he also is commemorated by Sir Richard Maitland:—

'He is weil kend, Johne of the Syde,
A greater thief did never ryde;
He nevir tyris,
For to brek byris,
Our muir and myris
Ouir gude ane guid,' &c.

"Jock o' the Side appears to have assisted the Earl of Westmoreland in his escape after his unfortunate insurrection with the Earl of Northumberland, in the twelfth year of Elizabeth. 'The two rebellious rebels went into Liddesdale in Scotland, yesternight, where Martin Ellwood [Elliot] and others, that have given pledges to the Regent of Scotland, did raise their forces against them; being conducted by Black Ormeston, an outlaw of Scotland, that was a principal murdherer of the King of Scots, where the fight was offered, and both parties alighted from their horses; and, in the end, Ellwood said to Ormeston, he would be sorry to enter deadly feud with him by bloodshed; but he would charge him and the rest before the regent for keeping of the rebels; and if he did not put them out of the country, the next day, he would doe his worst again them; whereupon the two earls were driven to leave Liddesdale, and to fly to one of the Armstrongs, a Scott upon the batable [debateable] land on the Borders between Liddesdale and England. The same day the Liddesdale men stole the horses of the Countess of Northumberland, and of her two women, and ten others of their company; so as, the earls being gone, the lady of Northumberland was left there on foot, at John o' the Side's house, a cottage not to be compared to many a dog-kennel in England. At their departing from her, they went not above fifty horse, and the Earl of Westmoreland, to be the more unknown, changed his coat of plate and sword with John o' the Side, and departed like a Scottish Borderer.'—*Advertisements from Hexham*, 22d December, 1569, in the *Cabala*, p. 160."—*Scott's Minstrelsy*, vol. ii., p. 76.

- 1 Now Liddesdale has ridden a raid,
But I wat they had better ha'e staid at hame;
For Michael o' Winfield he is dead,
And Jock o' the Side is prisoner ta'en.

- 2 For Mangerton house Lady Downie has gane,
Her coats she has kilted up to her knee;
And down the water with speed she rins,
While tears in spates fall fast frae her e'e.
- 3 Then up and spoke her gude auld lord,—
“What news, what news, sister Downie, to me?”
“Bad news, bad news, my Lord Mangerton;
Michael is killed, and they ha'e ta'en my son Johnnie.”
- 4 “Ne'er fear, sister Downie,” quo' Mangerton;
“I have yokes of owsen, eighty and three;
My barns, my byres, and my faulds, all well fill'd,
I'll part with them all ere Johnnie shall die.
- 5 “Three men I'll send to set him free,
All harneist with the best of steel;
The English louns may hear, and drie
The weight of their braidswords to feel.
- 6 “The laird's Jock ane, the laird's Wat twa,
O Hobbie Noble, thou ane maun be!
Thy coat is blue, thou hast been true,
Since England banished thee, to me.”
- 7 Now, Hobbie was an English man,
In Bewcastle-dale was bred and born;
But his misdeeds they were sae great,
They banished him ne'er to return.
- 8 Lord Mangerton then orders gave,—
“Your horses they wrang way maun be shod;
Like gentlemen ye maunna seem,
But look like corn-cadgers * ga'en the road.
- 9 “Your armour gude ye maunna shaw,
Nor yet appear like men of weir;
As country lads be all array'd,
With branks and brecham † on each mare.”
- 10 Sae now their horses are the wrang way shod,
And Hobbie has mounted his gray sae fine,
Jock his lively bay, Wat's on his white horse behind,
And on they rode for the water of Tyne.
- 11 At the Cholerford ‡ they all light down,
And there, with the help of the light of the moon,
A tree they cut, with fifteen nogs on each side,
To climb up the wall of Newcastle town.

* “Cadgers:” carriers.

† “Branks and brecham:” halter and cart-collar.

‡ Cholerford is a ford on the Tyne, above Hexham.

- 12 But when they came to Newcastle toun,
And were alighted at the wall,
They fand their tree three ells o'er laigh,
They fand their stick baith short and small.
- 13 Then up spake the laird's ain Jock,—
"There 's naething for't; the gates we maun force."
But when they came the gate until,
A proud porter withstood baith men and horse.
- 14 His neck in twa the Armstrangs wrang;
With foot or hand he ne'er play'd pa!
His life and his keys at ance they ha'e ta'en,
And cast his body ahint the wa'.
- 15 Now sune they reached Newcastle jail,
And to the prisoner thus they call:
"Sleeps thou, wakes thou, Jock o' the Side,
Or art thou weary of thy thrall?"
- 16 Jock answers thus, with doleful tone:
"Aft, aft I wake—I seldom sleep;
But wha 's this kens my name sae weel,
And thus to mese * my waes does seek?"
- 17 Then out and spake the gude laird's Jock:
"Now fear ye na, my billie," quo' he;
"For here are the laird's Jock, the laird's Wat,
And Hobbie Noble, come to set thee free."
- 18 "Now haud thy tongue, my gude laird's Jock,
For ever, alas! this canna be;
For if all Liddesdale were here the night,
The morn 's the day that I maun die.
- 19 "Full fifteen stane of Spanish iron,
They ha'e laid all right sair on me;
With locks and keys I am fast bound
Into this dungeon, dark and drearie."
- 20 "Fear ye na that," quo' the laird's Jock;
"A faint heart ne'er wan a fair ladye;
Work thou within, we'll work without,
And I'll be sworn we'll set thee free."
- 21 The first strong door that they came at,
They loosed it without a key;
The next chain'd door that they came at,
They gar'd it all to flinders flee.

* "Mese:" soothe.

- 22 The prisoner now upon his back
The laird's Jock has gotten up full hie;
And down the stairs, him, airns and all,
With nae small speed and joy brings he.
- 23 "Now, Jock, my man," quo' Hobbie Noble,
"Some of his weight ye may lay on me."
"I wat weel no," quo' the laird's ain Jock,
"I count him lighter than a flee."
- 24 Sae out at the gates they all are gane,
The prisoner's set on horseback hie;
And now with speed they've ta'en the gate,
While ilk ane jokes full wantonlie.
- 25 "O Jock! sae winsomely ye ride,
With baith your feet upon ae side;
Sae weel ye're harneist, and sae trig,
In troth ye sit like ony bride!"
- 26 The night, tho' wat, they did na mind,
But hied them on full merrilie,
Until they came to Cholerford brae,
Where the water ran like mountains hie.
- 27 But when they came to Cholerford,
There they met with an auld man;
Says—"Honest man, will the water ride?
Tell us in haste, if that ye can."
- 28 "I wat weel no," quo' the gude auld man;
"I ha'e lived here thretty years and three,
And I ne'er saw the Tyne sae big,
Nor running ance sae like the sea."
- 29 Then out and spake the laird's saft Wat,
The greatest coward in the companie,—
"Now halt, now halt! we needna try't,
The day is come we all maun die!"
- 30 "Puir faint-hearted thief!" cried the laird's ain Jock,
"There'll nae man die but him that's fey;
I'll guide ye all right safely thro';
Lift ye the pris'ner on ahint me."
- 31 With that the water they ha'e ta'en,
By ane's and twa's they all swam thro';
"Here are we all safe," quo' the laird's Jock;
"And, puir faint Wat, what think ye now?"

- 32 They scarce the other brae had won,
When twenty men they saw pursue;
Frae Newcastle toun they had been sent,
All English lads baith stout and true.
- 33 But when the land-sergeant * the water saw,
"It winna ride, my lads," says he;
Then cried aloud—"The prisoner take,
But leave the fetters, I pray, to me."
- 34 "I wat weel no," quo' the laird's ain Jock,
"I'll keep them all; shoon to my mare they'll be,—
My gude bay mare; for I am sure,
She has bought them all right dear frae thee."
- 35 Sae now they are on to Liddesdale,
E'en as fast as they cou'd them hie;
The prisoner is brought to 's ain fireside,
And there o's airns they make him free.
- 36 "Now, Jock, my billie," quo' all the three,
"The day is comed thou was to dee;
But thou 's as weel at thy ain ingle-side,
Now sitting, I think, 'twixt thee and me."

HOBBIE NOBLE.

"We have seen the hero of this ballad act a distinguished part in the deliverance of Jock o' the Side, and are now to learn the ungrateful return which the Armstrongs made him for his faithful services.† Halbert, or Hobbie Noble, appears to have been one of

* The land-sergeant (mentioned also in "Hobbie Noble") was an officer under the warden, to whom was committed the apprehending of delinquents, and the care of the public peace.

† The original editor of the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry* has noticed the perfidy of this clan in another instance; the delivery of the banished Earl of Northumberland into the hands of the Scottish Regent, by Hector of Harelaw, an Armstrong, with whom he had taken refuge.—*Percy*, vol. i., p. 283. This Hector of Harelaw seems to have been an Englishman, or under English assurance, for he is one of those against whom bills were exhibited by the Scottish commissioners, to the Lord Bishop of Carlisle.—Introduction to the *History of Westmoreland and Cumberland*, p. 81. In the list of Borderers, 1597, Hector of Harelaw, with the Griefs and Cuts of Harelaw, also figures as an inhabitant of the Debateable Land. It would appear, from a spirited invective, in the Maitland MS., against the Regent, and those who delivered up the unfortunate earl to Elizabeth, that Hector had been guilty of this treachery, to redeem the pledge which had been exacted from him for his peaceable demeanour. The poet says, that the perfidy of Morton and Lochlevin was worse than even that of—

—"The traitour Eckie of Harelaw,
That says he sould him to redeem his pledge;
Your deed is war, as all the world does know—
You nothing can but covatice allege."

—Pinkerton's *Maitland Poems*, vol. i., p. 290.

Eckie is the contraction of Hector among the vulgar.

These little memoranda may serve still farther to illustrate the beautiful ballads, upon that subject, published in the *Reliques*.

those numerous English outlaws, who, being forced to fly their own country, had established themselves on the Scottish Borders. As Hobbie continued his depredations upon the English, they bribed some of his hosts, the Armstrongs, to decoy him into England under pretence of a predatory expedition. He was there delivered, by his treacherous companions, into the hands of the officers of justice, by whom he was conducted to Carlisle, and executed next morning. The Laird of Mangertoun, with whom Hobbie was in high favour, is said to have taken a severe revenge upon the traitors who betrayed him. The principal contriver of the scheme, called here Sim o' the Maynes, fled into England from the resentment of his chief; but experienced there the common fate of a traitor, being himself executed at Carlisle, about two months after Hobbie's death. Such is, at least, the tradition of Liddesdale. Sim o' the Maynes appears among the Armstrongs of Whitaucl, in Liddesdale, in the list of Clans so often alluded to."—Scott's *Minstrelsy*, vol. ii., p. 90.

- 1 Foul fa' the breast first Treason bred in!
That Liddesdale may safely say;
For in it there was baith meat and drink,
And corn unto our geldings gay.
- 2 And we were all stout-hearted men,
As England she might often say;
But now we may turn our backs and flee,
Since brave Noble is sold away.
- 3 Now Hobbie was an English man,
And born in Bewcastle dale;
But his misdeeds they were so great,
They banish'd him to Liddesdale.
- 4 At Kershope-foot the tryste was set,
Kershope of the lilye lee; *
And there was traitour Sim o' the Mains, †
And with him a private companie.
- 5 Then Hobbie has graithed his body fair,
Baith with the iron and with the steel;
And he has ta'en out his fringed gray,
And there, brave Hobbie, he rade him weel.
- 6 Then Hobbie is down the water gane,
E'en as fast as he cou'd hie;
Tho' all shou'd ha'e bursten and broken their hearts,
Frae that riding-tryst he wou'd na be.

* Kershope-burn, where Hobbie met his treacherous companions, falls into the Liddel, from the English side, at a place called Turnersholm, where, according to tradition, tourneys and games of chivalry were often solemnized.

† The Mains was anciently a Border keep, near Castletown, on the north side of the Liddel, but is now totally demolished.

- 7 "Well be ye met, my feres * five!
And now, what is your will with me?"
Then they cried all, with ae consent,
"Thou'rt welcome here, brave Noble, to me.
- 8 "Wilt thou with us into England ride,
And thy safe warrand we will be?
If we get a horse worth a hundred pound,
Upon his back thou sune shall be."
- 9 "I dare not by day into England ride;
The land-sergeant has me at feid:
And I know not what evil may betide,
For Peter of Whitfield, his brother, is dead.
- 10 "And Anton Shiel he loves not me,
For I gat twa drifts of his sheep;
The great Earl of Whitfield † loves me not,
For nae gear frae me he e'er cou'd keep.
- 11 "But will ye stay till the day gae down,
Until the night come o'er the ground,
And I'll be a guide worth ony twa
That may in Liddesdale be found?
- 12 "Though the night be black as pick and tar,
I'll guide thee o'er yon hill sae hie;
And bring ye all in safety back,
If ye'll be true and follow me."
- 13 He has guided them o'er moss and muir,
O'er hill and hope, and mony a down,
Until they came to the Foulbogshiel,
And there, brave Noble, he lighted down.
- 14 But word is gane to the land-sergeant,
In Askerton ‡ where that he lay:
"The deer, that ye ha'e hunted sae lang,
Is seen into the Waste this day."

* "Feres:" companions.

† Whitfield is explained by Mr. Ellis of Otterbourne to be a large and rather wild manorial district in the extreme south-west part of Northumberland; the proprietor of which might be naturally called the lord, though not Earl of Whitfield. Sir Matthew Whitfield of Whitfield was Sheriff of Northumberland in 1433, and the estate continued in the family from the reign of Richard II., till about fifty years since.

‡ Askerton is an old castle, now ruinous, situated in the wilds of Cumberland, about seventeen miles north-east of Carlisle, amidst that mountainous and desolate tract of country bordering upon Liddesdale, emphatically termed the Waste of Bewcastle.

- 15 "The Hobbie Noble is that deer!
I wat he carries the style full hie;
Aft has he driven our bluidhounds back,*
And set ourselves at little lee.
- 16 "Gar warn the bows of Hartlie-burn;
See they sharp their arrows on the wall!
Warn Willeva and Speir Edom,†
And see the morn they meet me all.
- 17 "Gar meet me on the Roderic-haugh,‡
And see it be by break of day;
And we will on to Conscouthart-green,
For there, I think, we'll get our prey."
- 18 Then Hobbie Noble has dreamit a dream,
In the Foulbogshiel where that he lay;
He dreamit his horse was aneath him shot,
And he himself got hard away.
- 19 The cocks 'goud § craw, the day 'goud daw,
And I wot sae even fell down the rain;
Had Hobbie na wakened at that time,
In the Foulbogshiel he had been ta'en or slain.
- 20 "Awake, awake, my feres five!
I trow here makes a full ill day;
Yet the worst cloak of this company,
I hope, shall cross the Waste this day."

* "The russet bloodhound, wont, near Annand's stream,
To trace the sly thief with avenging foot,
Close as an evil conscience still at hand."

Our ancient statutes inform us, that the bloodhound or sluith-hound (so called from its quality of tracing the slot, or track, of men and animals) was early used in the pursuit and detection of marauders. *Nullus perturbet aut impediatur canem trassantem, aut homines trassantes cum ipso, ad sequendum latrones.*—*Regiam Majestatem*, lib. 4tus, cap. 32. And, so late as 1616, there was an order from the king's commissioners of the northern counties, that a certain number of slough-hounds should be maintained in every district of Cumberland, bordering upon Scotland. They were of great value, being sometimes sold for a hundred crowns.—*Exposition of Bleau's Atlas, voce Nithsdale*. The breed of this sagacious animal, which could trace the human footstep with the most unerring accuracy, is now nearly extinct.

† Willeva and Speir Edom are small districts in Bewcastledale, through which also the Hartlie-burn takes its course.

‡ Conscouthart-green, and Rodric-haugh, and the Foulbogshiel, are the names of places in the same wilds, through which the Scottish plunderers generally made their raids upon England, as appears from the following passage in a letter from William, Lord Dacre, to Cardinal Wolsey, 18th July, 1528; Appendix to Pinkerton's *Scotland*, v. 12, No. XIX. "Like it also your grace, seeing the disorder within Scotland, that all the mysgyuded men, Borderers of the same, inhabiting within Eskdale, Ewsdale, Walghopedale, Liddesdale and a part of Tivdale, foranempt Bewcastledale, and a part of the Middle Marches of this the King's Borders, entres not this West and Middle Marches, to do any attemptate to the King our said Sovereaine's subjects: but thaye come thorow Bewcastledale, and retornes, for the most parte, the same waye agayne."

§ "Goud:" i. e., begoud; began.

- 21 Now Hobbie thought the gates were clear;
But, ever alas! it was na sae;
They were beset by cruel men and keen,
That away brave Hobbie might na gae.
- 22 "Yet follow me, my feres five,
And see ye keep of me gude ray;
And the worst cloak of this companie,
Even yet may cross the Waste this day."
- 23 But the land-sergeant's men came Hobbie before,
The traitor Sim came Hobbie behin';
So had Noble been wight as Wallace was,
Away, alas! he might na win.
- 24 Then Hobbie had but a laddie's sword;
But he did mair than a laddie's deed;
For that sword had clear'd Conscouthart-green,
Had it not broke o'er Jerswigham's head.
- 25 Then they ha'e ta'en brave Hobbie Noble,
Wi's ain bowstring they band him sae;
But his gentle heart was ne'er sae sair,
As when his ain five bound him on the brae.
- 26 They ha'e ta'en him on for West Carlisle;
They ask'd him if he kenn'd the way?
Though much he thought, yet little he said;
He knew the gate as weel as they.
- 27 They ha'e ta'en him up the Ricker-gate;*
The wives they cast their windows wide;
And every wife to another can say,
"That's the man loosed Jock o' the Side!"
- 28 "Fy on ye, women! why call ye me man?
For it's nae man that I'm used like;
I am but like a forfoughen † hound,
Has been fighting in a dirty syke."
- 29 They ha'e had him up through Carlisle town,
And set him by the chimney fire;
They gave brave Noble a loaf to eat,
And that wasl ittle his desire.
- 30 They gave him a wheaten loaf to eat,
And after that a can of beer;
And they all cried, with one consent,
"Eat, brave Noble, and make good cheer."

* Ricker-gate:" a street in Carlisle.

† Forfoughen:" quite fatigued.

- 31 "Confess my lord's horse, Hobbie," they said,
 "And to-morrow in Carlisle thou's na dee."
 "How can I confess them," Hobbie says,
 "When I ne'er saw them with my e'e?"
- 32 Then Hobbie has sworn a full great aith,
 By the day that he was gotten and born,
 He never had onything of my lord's
 That either eat him grass or corn.
- 33 'Now fare thee weel, sweet Mangerton! *
 For I think again I'll ne'er thee see;
 I wou'd ha'e betray'd nae lad alive,
 For all the gowd of Christentie.
- 34 "And fare thee weel, sweet Liddesdale!
 Baith the hie land and the law;
 Keep ye weel frae the traitor Mains!
 For gowd and gear he'll sell thee a'.
- 35 "Yet wou'd I rather be Hobbie Noble,
 In Carlisle wha suffers for his fau't,
 Than I wou'd be the traitor Mains,
 That eats and drinks of the meal and maut."

ARCHIE OF CA'FIELD.

From Scott's *Minstrelsy*, vol. ii., p. 116.

"It may perhaps be thought, that, from the near resemblance which this ballad bears to 'Kinmont Willie' and 'Jock o' the Side,' the editor might have dispensed with inserting it in this Collection. But although the incidents in these three ballads are almost the same, yet there is considerable variety in the language; and each contains minute particulars, highly characteristic of Border manners, which it is the object of this publication to illustrate. Ca'field, or Calfield, is a place in Wauchopdale, belonging of old to the Armstrongs. In the account betwixt the English and Scottish Marches, Jock and Geordie of Ca'field, there called Calf-hill, are repeatedly marked as delinquents.—*History of Westmoreland and Cumberland*, vol. i., Introduction, p. 33.

* Of the Castle of Mangerton, so often mentioned in these ballads, there are very few vestiges. It was situated on the banks of the Liddell, below Castletoun. In the wall of a neighbouring mill, which has been entirely built from the ruins of the tower, there is a remarkable stone, bearing the arms of the Lairds of Mangerton, and a long broadsword, with the figures 1583, probably the date of building or repairing the castle. On each side of the shield are the letters S. A. and E. E., standing probably for Symon Armstrong and Elizabeth Elliott. Such is the only memorial of the Lairds of Mangerton, except those rude ballads, which the editor now offers to the public.

“The editor has been enabled to add several stanzas to this ballad, since publication of the first edition. They were obtained from recitation; and, as they contrast the brutal indifference of the elder brother with the zeal and spirit of his associates, they add considerably to the dramatic effect of the whole.”

[A North Country version, under the title of “Billie Archie,” as communicated by Mr. Buchan, appears in Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 335; and a still different version, under the title of “The Three Brothers,” is given by Mr. Buchan in his *Ancient Ballads*, vol. i., p. 111.]

- 1 As I was a-walking mine alane,
It was by the dawning of the day,
I heard twa brithers mak' their mane,
And I listen'd weel to what they did say.
- 2 The youngest to the eldest said,—
“Blythe and merrie how can we be?
There were three brithren of us born,
And ane of us is condemn'd to dee.”
- 3 “An ye wou'd be merrie, an ye wou'd be sad,
What the better wou'd billy* Archie be?
Unless I had thirty men to mysel',
And all to ride in my companie.
- 4 “Ten to hald the horses' heads,
And other ten the watch to be,
And ten to break up the strong prison,
Where billy Archie he does lie.”
- 5 Then up and spak' him mettled John Hall†
(The luve of Teviotdale aye was he),—
“An I had eleven men to mysel',
It's aye the twalt man I wou'd be.”
- 6 Then up bespak' him coarse Ca'field
(I wot and little gude worth was he),—
“Thirty men is few anew,
And all to ride in our companie.”
- 7 There was horsing, horsing in haste,
And there was marching on the lee,
Until they came to Murraywhate,
And they lighted there right speedilie.

* “Billy:” brother.

† Mettled John Hall, from the Laigh Teviotdale, is perhaps John Hall of Newbigging, mentioned in the list of Border clans, as one of the chief men of name residing on the Middle Marches in 1597.

- 8 "A smith ! a smith !" Dickie he cries,
 "A smith, a smith, right speedilie,
 To turn back the caukers of our horses' shoon !
 For it's unkensoome * we wou'd be."
- 9 "There lives a smith on the water-side,
 Will shoe my little black mare for me
 And I've a crown in my pocket,
 And every groat of it I wou'd gi'e."
- 10 "The night is mirk, and it's very mirk,
 And by candle-light I canna weel see ;
 The night is mirk, and it's very pit mirk,
 And there will never a nail ca' right for me."
- 11 "Shame fall you and your trade baith,
 Canna beet † a good fellow by your mystery ; ‡
 But leeze me on thee, my little black mare,
 Thou's worth thy weight in gold to me."
- 12 There was horsing, horsing in haste,
 And there was marching upon the lee,
 Until they cam' to Dumfries port,
 And they lighted there right speedilie.
- 13 "There's five of us will hold the horse,
 And other five will watchmen be ;
 But wha's the man among you all,
 Will gae to the Tolbooth door with me?"
- 14 Oh, up then spak' him mettled John Hall
 (Frae the laigh Teviotdale was he),—
 "If it shou'd cost my life this very night,
 I'll gae to the Tolbooth door with thee."
- 15 "Be of gude cheer, now, Archie, lad !
 Be of gude cheer, now, dear billie !
 Work thou within, and we without,
 And the morn thou's dine at Ca'field with me."
- 16 Oh, Jockie Hall stepp'd to the door,
 And he bended low back his knee,
 And he made the bolts the door hang on
 Loup frae the wall right wantonlie.

* "Unkensoome:" unknown.

† 'Beet:" abet, aid.

‡ "Mystery:" trade. (See *Shakespeare*.)

- 17 He took the prisoner on his back,
And down the Tolbooth stair cam' he :
The black mare stood ready at the door,—
I wot a foot ne'er stirred she.
- 18 They laid the links out o'er her neck,
And that was her gold twist to be ; *
And they cam' down thro' Dumfries toun,
And wow, but they cam' speedilie !
- 19 The live-lang night these twelve men rade,
And aye till they were right wearie,
Until they cam' to the Murraywhate,
And they lighted there right speedilie.
- 20 "A smith ! a smith !" then Dickie he cries,
"A smith, a smith, right speedilie,
To file the irons frae my dear brither !
For forward, forward we wou'd be."
- 21 They hadna filed a shackle of iron,
A shackle of iron but barely three,
When out and spak' young Simon brave,—
"Oh, dinna you see what I do see ?
- 22 "Lo ! yonder comes Lieutenant Gordon,
With a hundred men in his companie ;
This night will be our lyke-wake night,
The morn the day we all maun die."
- 23 Oh, there was mounting, mounting in haste,
And there was marching upon the lee,
Until they cam' to Annan water,
And it was flowing like the sea.
- 24 "My mare is young and very skeigh, †
And in o' the weil ‡ she will drown me ;
But ye'll tak' mine, and I'll tak' thine,
And sune through the water we shall be."
- 25 Then up and spake him coarse Ca'field
(I wot and little gude worth was he),—
"We had better lose ane than lose all the lave ;
We'll lose the prisoner, we'll gae free."

* The Gold Twist means the small gilded chains drawn across the chest of a war horse, as a part of his caparison.

† "Skeigh:" shy.

‡ "Weil:" eddy.

- 26 "Shame fa' you and your lands baith!
 Wou'd ye e'en * your lands to your born billy?
 But hey! bear up, my bonnie black mare,
 And yet through the water we shall be."
- 27 Now they did swim that wan water,
 And wow, but they swam bonnilie!
 Until they cam' to the other side,
 And they wrang their clothes right drunkily.
- 28 "Come thro', come thro', Lieutenant Gordon!
 Come thro' and drink some wine with me!
 For there is an ale-house here hard by,
 And it shall not cost thee ae penny."
- 29 "Throw me my irons," quo' Lieutenant Gordon;
 "I wot they cost me dear enough."
 "The shame a ma," quo' mettled John Ha',
 "They'll be gude shackles to my pleugh."
- 30 "Come thro', come thro', Lieutenant Gordon!
 Come thro' and drink some wine with me!
 Yestreen I was your prisoner,
 But now this morning I am free."

ARMSTRONG'S GOODNIGHT.

"The following verses are said to have been composed by one of the Armstrongs, executed for the murder of Sir John Carmichael of Edrom, Warden of the Middle Marches, 1600. (See Notes on 'The Raid of the Reidswire,' *ante*, p. 522.) The tune is popular in Scotland; but whether these are the original words, will admit of a doubt."—Scott's *Minstrelsy*, vol. ii., p. 123.

They appear in Herd's *Scottish Songs*, vol. ii., p. 225, with only a slight difference in the opening line, which reads—

"Oh, this is my departing time."

The words and music next appear in Johnson's *Museum*, p. 620.

Three maudlin stanzas, under the title of "The Last Gude-night" are given in Buchan's *Ancient Ballads*, vol. ii., p. 127.

- 1 THIS night is my departing night,
 For here nae langer must I stay;
 There's neither friend nor foe of mine
 But wishes me away.
- 2 What I have done thro' lack of wit,
 I never, never can recall;
 I hope ye're all my friends as yet;
 Goodnight, and joy be with you all!

* "E'en:" even; put into comparison.

LORD MAXWELL'S GOODNIGHT.*

From Scott's *Minstrelsy*, vol. ii., p. 133.

"This beautiful ballad is published from a copy in Glenriddel's MSS., with some slight variations from tradition. It alludes to one of the most remarkable feuds upon the West Marches.

"A.D. 1585, John Lord Maxwell, or, as he styled himself, Earl of Morton, having quarrelled with the Earl of Arran, reigning favourite of James VI., and fallen, of course, under the displeasure of the court, was denounced rebel. A commission was also given to the Laird of Johnstone, then Warden of the West Marches, to pursue and apprehend the ancient rival and enemy of his house. Two bands of mercenaries, commanded by Captains Cranstoun and Lammie, who were sent from Edinburgh to support Johnstone, were attacked and cut to pieces at Crawford-muir, by Robert Maxwell, natural brother to the chieftain;† who, following up his advantage, burned Johnstone's Castle of Lochwood, observing, with savage glee, that he would give Lady Johnstone light enough by which 'to set her hood.' In a subsequent conflict, Johnstone himself was defeated and made prisoner, and is said to have died of grief at the disgrace which he sustained. See Spottiswoode and Johnstone's *Histories*, and Moyses's *Memoirs*, ad annum 1585.

"By one of the revolutions common in those days, Maxwell was soon after restored to the King's favour in his turn, and obtained the Wardenry of the West Marches. A bond of alliance was subscribed by him and by Sir James Johnstone, and for some time the two clans lived in harmony. In the year 1593, however, the hereditary feud was revived, on the following occasion:—A band of marauders, of the clan Johnstone, drove a prey of cattle from the lands belonging to the Lairds of Crichton, Sanquhar, and Drumlanrig; and defeated, with slaughter, the pursuers, who attempted to rescue their property. (See 'The Lads of Wamphray,' *ante*, p. 50.) The injured parties, being apprehensive that Maxwell would not cordially embrace their cause, on account of his late reconciliation with the Johnstones, endeavoured to overcome his reluctance, by offering to enter into bonds of manrent, and so to become his followers and liegemen; he, on the other hand, granting to them a bond of maintenance or protection, by which he bound himself, in usual form, to maintain their quarrel against all mortals, saving his loyalty. Thus, the most powerful and respectable families in Dumfriesshire became, for a time, the vassals of Lord Maxwell. This secret alliance was discovered to Sir James Johnstone by the Laird of Cummertrees, one of his own clan, though a retainer to Maxwell.

* [Lord Byron refers to this ballad, as having suggested the "Goodnight" in the first canto of "Childe Harold." See *Life and Works of Byron*, vol. viii.—Lockhart.]

† It is devoutly to be wished that this Lammie (who was killed in the skirmish) may have been the same miscreant who, in the day of Queen Mary's distress, "hes ensign being of quhyt taffitae, had painted one it ye cruell murder of King Henry, and layed down before her majestie, at quhat time she presented herself as prisoner to ye lordis."—Birrel's *Diary*, June 15, 1567. It would be some satisfaction to know that the gray hairs of this worthy personage did not go down to the grave in peace.

Cummertrees even contrived to possess himself of the bonds of manrent, which he delivered to his chief. The petty warfare betwixt the rival barons was instantly renewed. Buccleuch, a near relation of Johnstone, came to his assistance with his clan, 'the most renowned freebooters, the fiercest and bravest warriors among the Border Tribes.*' With Buccleuch also came the Elliots, Armstrongs, and Græmes. Thus reinforced, Johnstone surprised and cut to pieces a party of the Maxwells, stationed at Lochmaben. On the other hand, Lord Maxwell, armed with the royal authority, and numbering among his followers all the barons of Nithsdale, displayed his banner as the king's lieutenant, and invaded Annandale at the head of 2,000 men. In those days, however, the royal auspices seem to have carried as little good-fortune as effective strength with them. A desperate conflict, still renowned in tradition, took place at the Dryffe Sands, not far from Lockerby, in which Johnstone, although inferior in numbers, partly by his own conduct, partly by the valour of his allies, gained a decisive victory. Lord Maxwell, a tall man, and heavily armed, was struck from his horse in the flight, and cruelly slain, after the hand which he stretched out for quarter had been severed from his body. Many of his followers were slain in the battle, and many cruelly wounded, especially by slashes in the face, which wound was thence termed a 'Lockerby lick.' The Barons of Lag, Closeburn, and Drumlanrig escaped by the fleetness of their horses; a circumstance alluded to in the following ballad.

"This fatal battle was followed by a long feud, attended with all the circumstances of horror proper to a barbarous age. Johnstone, in his diffuse manner, describes it thus: '*Ab eo die ultro citroque in Annandia et Nithia magnis utriusque regionis jacturis certatum. Cædes, incendia, rapinæ, et nefanda facinora; liberi in maternis gremiis trucidati, mariti in conspectu conjugum suarum; incensæ villæ; lamentabiles ubique querimonie, et horribiles armorum fremitus.*' —Johnstoni *Historia*, ed. Amstæl., p. 182.

"John, Lord Maxwell, with whose 'Goodnight' the reader is here presented, was son to him who fell at the battle of Dryffe Sands, and is said to have early avowed the deepest revenge for his father's death. Such, indeed, was the fiery and untameable spirit of the man, that neither the threats nor entreaties of the King himself could make him lay aside his vindictive purpose; although Johnstone, the object of his resentment, had not only reconciled himself to the court, but even obtained the wardenry of the Middle Marches, in room of Sir John Carmichael, murdered by the Armstrongs. Lord Maxwell was therefore prohibited to approach the Border Counties; and having, in contempt of that mandate, excited new disturbances, he was confined in the castle of Edinburgh. From this fortress, however, he contrived to make his escape; and having repaired to Dumfriesshire, he sought an amicable interview with Johnstone, under a pretence of a wish to accommodate their differences. Sir Robert Maxwell, of Orchardstane (mentioned in the ballad, verse 1), who was married to a sister of Sir James Johnstone, persuaded his brother-in-law to accede to Maxwell's proposal. The following relation of

* "*Inter accolæ latrocinii famosos, Scotos Buccleuchi clientes—fortissimos tribulium et ferocissimos.*"—Johnstoni *Historia*, ed. Amstæl., p. 182.

what followed is taken from an article in Shawfield's MS., mentioned in the introduction to the ballad called 'Kinmont Willie':--

“The simple truth and cause of the treasonable murthir of umquhile Sir James Johnstoun of Dunskele, knight, was as efter followes. To wit, John Lord Maxwell having dealt and useit his best means with some nobilemen and baronnes within the cuntrey, and likeways with sundry of the name of Maxwell, being refused of them all to be partakers of so foull ane deed; till at last he unhappily persuaded one Charles Maxwell, one of the brether of Kirkhouse, to be with him, and having made him assured to be pairtner in that treasonable plot; therefore, taking advantage of the weakness and unabillitie of umquhill Sir Robert Maxwell, of Orchyardtoun, knight, presuming that he had power of the said Sir James, being brother-in-law to him, to bring him to anye part he pleased; Maxwell, pretending he had speciall busines to do with Sir James, hearing he was going from the Court of England, so gave out by reasoun he was the king's rebell for the time, for breaking weird out of the Castle of Edinburgh, that he had no other houpees to obtaine the king's favour but be his meanes. So upon this pretence, the said Sir James was moved to meet him at Auchnamhill, near by Arthorstane, without the house of Bent, upon the 6th Aprile, 1608, with one man onlie with him as was with the uthir, therselves two onlie and the forsaid Sir Robert Maxwell with them, and their servantes being a little off. The forsaid Charles falls out with opprobrious and malicious speeches to Sir James his servant, William Johnstoune of Gunmenlie, and before he was aware shott him with ane pistoll. Sir James hearing the shott and his man's words, turning about to see what was past, immediatelie Maxwell shott him behind his back with ane pistoll chairgit with two poysonit bulletts, at which shott the said Sir James fell from his horse. Maxwell, not being content therewith, raid about him ane lang tyme, and persued him farder, vowing to use him more cruelly and treacherouslie than he had done, for which it is known sufficiently what followed.' 'A fact,' saith Spottiswoode, 'detested by all honest men, and the gentleman's misfortune severely lamented, for he was a man full of wisdom and courage.'—*Spottiswoode*, edit. 1677, pp. 467, 504. *Johnstoni Historia*, ed. Amstæl, pp. 254, 283, 449.

“Lord Maxwell, the murderer, made his escape to France; but having ventured to return to Scotland, he was apprehended lurking in the wilds of Caithness, and brought to trial at Edinburgh. The royal authority was now much strengthened by the union of the crowns, and James employed it in stanching the feuds of the nobility, with a firmness which was no attribute of his general character. But in the best actions of that monarch, there seems to have been an unfortunate tincture of that meanness, so visible on the present occasion. Lord Maxwell was indicted for the murder of Johnstone; but this was combined with a charge of fire-raising, which, according to the ancient Scottish law, if perpetrated by a landed man, constituted a species of treason, and inferred forfeiture. Thus the noble purpose of public justice was sullied by being united with that of enriching some needy favourite. John, Lord Maxwell, was condemned, and beheaded, 21st May, 1613. Sir Gideon Murray, Treasurer-depute, had a great share of his forfeiture; but the attainder was

afterwards reversed, and the honours and estate were conferred upon the brother of the deceased.—Laing's *History of Scotland*, vol. i., p. 62. Johnstons *Historia*, p. 493.

“The lady mentioned in the ballad was sister to the Marquis of Hamilton, and according to Johnstone the historian, had little reason to regret being separated from her husband, whose harsh treatment finally occasioned her death. But Johnstone appears not to be altogether untinctured with the prejudices of his clan, and is probably, in this instance, guilty of exaggeration; as the active share taken by the Marquis of Hamilton in favour of Maxwell, is a circumstance inconsistent with such a report.

“Thus was finally ended, by a salutary example of severity, the ‘foul debate’ between the Maxwell’s and Johnstones, in the course of which each family lost two chieftains,—one dying of a broken heart, one in the field of battle, one by assassination, and one by the sword of the executioner.

“It seems reasonable to believe, that the following ballad must have been written before the death of Lord Maxwell, in 1613; otherwise there would have been some allusion to that event. It must therefore have been composed betwixt 1608 and that period.”

- 1 “ADIEU, madame, my mother dear.
But and my sisters three!
Adieu, fair Robert of Orchardstane!
My heart is wae for thee.
Adieu, the lily and the rose,
The primrose, fair to see;
Adieu, my ladye, and only joy!
For I may not stay with thee.
- 2 “Though I ha’e slain the Lord Johnstone,
What care I for their feid?
My noble mind their wrath disdains—
He was my father’s deid.
Both night and day I labour’d oft
Of him avenged to be;
But now I’ve got what lang I sought,
And I may not stay with thee.
- 3 “Adieu! Drumlanrig, false wert aye,
And Closeburn in a band! *
The Laird of Lag, frae my father that fled,
When the Johnstone struck aff his hand.

* The reader will perceive, from the Introduction, what connection the bond, subscribed by Douglas of Drumlanrig, Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, and Grierson of Lagg, had with the death of Lord Maxwell’s father. For the satisfaction of those who may be curious as to the form of these bonds, I have transcribed a letter of manrent, † from a MS. collection of upwards of twenty deeds of that nature, copied from

† “Manrent:” the proper spelling is manred. Thus, in the romance of “*Florice and Blanchefleur*:”—

“He will falle to thi fot,
And bicom the man gif he mot;
His manred thou schalt aforge,
And the trewthe of his honde.”

They were three brethren in a band—
 Joy may they never see!
 Their treacherous art, and cowardly heart,
 Has twined my love and me.

- 4 “Adieu! Dumfries, my proper place,
 But and Carlaverock fair!
 Adieu! my castle of the Thrieve,*

the originals by the late John Syme, Esq., Writer to the Signet; for the use of which, with many other favours of a similar nature, I am indebted to Dr. Robert Anderson of Edinburgh. The bond is granted by Thomas Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, to Robert Lord Maxwell, father of him who was slain at the battle of the Dryffe Sands.

BOND OF MANRENT.

“Be it kend till all men be thir present lettres, me, Thomas Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, to be bundin and oblist, and be the tenor heirof, bindis and oblistis me, be the faith and treuth of my body, in manrent and service to ane nobil and mychtie lord, Robert lord Maxwell, induring all the days of my life; and byndis and oblistis me, as said is, to be leil and trew man and servant to the said Robert lord Maxwell, my master, and sall nowthir heir nor se his skaith, but sall lat the samyn at my utir power, and warn him therof. And I sall conceill it that the said lord schawis to me, and sall gif him agane the best leill and true counsaile that I can, quhen he only askis at me; and that I sall ryde with my kyn, freyndis, servandis, and allies, that wil do for me, or to gang with the said lords; and to do him æfauld, trew, and thankful service, and take æfauld plane part with the said lord, my maister, in all and sindry his actionis, causis, quarrellis, leful and honest, movit, or to be movit, be him, or aganis him, baith in peace and weir, contrair or aganis all thae that leiffes or de may (my allegiance to ovr soveran ladye the quenis grace, her tutor and governor, allanerly except). And thir my lettres of manrent, for all the dayis of my life foresaid to indure, all dissimulations, fraud, or gyle, secludit and away put. In witness,” &c. The deed is signed at Edinburgh, 3d of February, 1542.

In the collection, from which this extract is made, there are bonds of a similar nature granted to Lord Maxwell, by Douglas of Drumlanrig, ancestor to the Dukes of Queensberry; by Crichton Lord Sanquhar, ancestor of the Earls of Dumfries, and many of his kindred; by Stuart of Castlemilk; by Stuart of Garlies, ancestor of the Earls of Galloway; by Murray of Cockpool, ancestor of the Murrays, Lords Annandale; by Grierson of Lagg, Gordon of Lochmaben, and many other of the most ancient and respectable barons in the south-west of Scotland, binding themselves, in the most submissive terms, to become the liegemen and the vassals of the House of Maxwell; a circumstance which must highly excite our idea of the power of that family. Nay, even the rival chieftain, Johnstone of Johnstone, seems at one time to have come under a similar obligation to Maxwell, by a bond, dated 11th of February, 1528, in which reference is made to the counter-obligation of the patron, in these words:—“Forasmeikle as the said lord has oblist him to supple, maintene, and defend me, in the peciabil brooking and joyssing of all my landis, rentis, &c., and to take my æfald, leill, and trew part, in all my good actionis, causis, and our soveraigne lord the king allanerly excepted, as at mair length is contained in his letters of maintenance maid to me thereupon; therefore,” &c., he proceeds to bind himself as liegeman to the Maxwell.

I cannot dismiss the subject without observing, that in the dangerous times of Queen Mary, when most of these bonds are dated, many barons, for the sake of maintaining unanimity and good order, may have chosen to enrol themselves among the clients of Lord Maxwell, then Warden of the Border, from which, at a less turbulent period, personal considerations would have deterred them.

* This fortress is situated in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright, upon an island several acres in extent, formed by the river Dee. The walls are very thick and strong, and bear the marks of great antiquity. It was a royal castle; but the keeping of it, agreeable to the feudal practice, was granted by charter, or sometimes by a more temporary and precarious right, to different powerful families, together with lands for their good service in maintaining and defending the place. This office of heritable keeper remained with the Nithesdale family (chief of the Maxwells) till their forfeiture, 1715. The garrison seems to have been victualled upon feudal principles; for each parish in the stewartry was burdened with the yearly payment of a *lardner mari cow*, i. e., a cow fit for being killed and salted at Martinmas for winter provisions. The right of levying these cattle was retained by the Nithesdale family, when they sold the castle and estate in 1704, and they did not cease to exercise it till their attainder.—*Fountainhall's Decisions*, vol. I., p. 688.

With all my buildings there :
 Adieu ! Lochmaben's gate sae fair,
 The Langholm-holm, where birks there be ;
 Adieu ! my ladye, and only joy,
 For, trust me, I may not stay with thee.

- 5 " Adieu ! fair Eskdale, up and down,
 Where my puir friends do dwell ;
 The bangisters* will ding them down,
 And will them sair compel.
 But I'll avenge their feid mysel'
 When I come o'er the sea !
 Adieu ! my ladye, and only joy,
 For I may not stay with thee."

- 6 " Lord of the land !" that ladye said,
 " Oh, wou'd ye go with me,
 Unto my brother's stately tow'r,
 Where safest ye may be ?
 There Hamiltons, and Douglas baith,
 Shall rise to succour thee."
 " Thanks for thy kindness, my fair dame,
 But I may not stay with thee."

- 7 Then he took aff a gay gold ring,
 Thereat hang signets three ;
 " Ha'e, take thee that, mine ain dear thing,
 And still ha'e mind of me :
 But if thou take another lord,
 Ere I come o'er the sea,
 His life is but a three days' lease,
 Though I may not stay with thee."

- 8 The wind was fair, the ship was clear,
 That good lord went away ;
 And most part of his friends were there,†
 To give him a fair convey.
 They drank the wine, they didna spare,
 Even in that gude lord's sight ;
 Sae now he's o'er the floods sae gray,‡
 And Lord Maxwell has ta'en his Good-night.

* " Bangisters:" the prevailing party.

† The ancestor of the present Mr. Maxwell of Broomholm is particularly mentioned in Glenriddel's MS. as having attended his chieftain in his distress, and as having received a grant of lands, in reward of this manifestation of attachment.

‡ This seems to have been a favourite epithet in old romances. Thus, in " Hornchilde, and Maiden Rimuild,"—

" Thai sayled ower the flode so gray,
 In Ingland arrived were thay,
 Ther him levest ware."

THE DOWIE DENS OF YARROW.

"This ballad, which is a very great favourite among the inhabitants of Ettrick Forest, is universally believed to be founded in fact. I found it easy to collect a variety of copies; but very difficult indeed to select from them such a collated edition as might, in any degree, suit the taste of 'these more light and giddy-paced times.'

"Tradition places the event, recorded in the song, very early; and it is probable that the ballad was composed soon afterwards, although the language has been gradually modernized, in the course of its transmission to us, through the inaccurate channel of oral tradition. The bard does not relate particulars, but barely the striking outlines of a fact, apparently so well known when he wrote, as to render minute detail as unnecessary as it is always tedious and unpoetical.

"The hero of the ballad was a knight of great bravery, called Scott, who is said to have resided at Kirkhope, or Oakwood Castle, and is, in tradition, termed the Baron of Oakwood. The estate of Kirkhope belonged anciently to the Scotts of Harden: Oakwood is still their property, and has been so from time immemorial. The editor was therefore led to suppose, that the hero of the ballad might have been identified with John Scott, sixth son of the Laird of Harden, murdered in Ettrick Forest by his kinsmen, the Scotts of Gilmanscleugh. (See notes to 'Jamie Telfer,' *ante*, p. 568.) This appeared the more probable, as the common people always affirm that this young man was treacherously slain, and that, in evidence thereof, his body remained uncorrupted for many years; so that even the roses on his shoes seemed as fresh as when he was first laid in the family vault at Hassendean. But from a passage in Nisbet's *Heraldry*, he now believes the ballad refers to a duel fought at Deucharswyre, of which Annan's Treat is a part, betwixt John Scott of Tushielaw and his brother-in-law, Walter Scott, third son of Robert of Thirlestane, in which the latter was slain.

"In ploughing Annan's Treat, a huge monumental stone, with an inscription, was discovered; but being rather scratched than engraved, and the lines being run through each other, it is only possible to read one or two Latin words. It probably records the event of the combat. The person slain was the male ancestor of the present Lord Napier.

"Tradition affirms, that the hero of the song (be he who he may) was murdered by the brother, either of his wife or betrothed bride. The alleged cause of malice was the lady's father having proposed to endow her with half of his property, upon her marriage with a warrior of such renown. The name of the murderer is said to have been Annan, and the place of combat is still called Annan's Treat. It is a low muir, on the banks of the Yarrow, lying to the west of Yarrow Kirk. Two tall unhewn masses of stone are erected, about eighty yards distant from each other; and the least child that can herd a cow will tell the passenger, that there lie 'the two lords, who were slain in single combat.'

"It will be, with many readers, the greatest recommendation of these verses, that they are supposed to have suggested to Mr. Hamilton of Bangour, the modern ballad, beginning—

'Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride.'

A fragment, apparently regarding the story of the following ballad, but in a different measure, occurs in Mr. Herd's MS., and runs thus:—

'When I look east, my heart is sair,
But when I look west, it's mair and mair;
For then I see the braes o' Yarrow,
And there, for aye, I lost my marrow.'

—Scott's *Minstrelsy*, vol. iii., p. 143.

A fragment of four stanzas, "to the tune of Leaderhaughs and Yarrow," appears in Herd's *Scottish Songs*, vol. i., p. 145. Three of them correspond to the stanzas here numbered 15, 16, and 17; and one, which was reproduced in Scott's version of this ballad, seems, as pointed out by Professor Aytoun, to belong to the next ballad, to which it has therefore been transferred.

Scott's version, which next appeared, forms the basis of the present collated version. The stanzas not bracketed are thence derived; but a few emendations, chiefly on the last lines of some of the stanzas, have been introduced, and consist for the most part in the substitution of "dens" for "banks" or "houms," and of "dowie dens" for "bonnie banks."

Motherwell's *Minstrelsy* (p. 252) contains a version "taken from the recitation of an old woman in Kilbarchan." Stanzas 1 to 4 inclusive are from this source; but stanza 1 has been slightly emended from Scott's.

Buchan's *Ancient Ballads* (vol. ii., p. 203) contains a still different version, under the title of "The Braes o' Yarrow." It is repeated in vol. xvii. of the *Percy Society Publications*. Stanzas 15 and 22 are taken from this version.

Stanza 20 is derived from "Rare Willie's drown'd in Yarrow," in which it appears to be out of place. (See next ballad.)

"'The Dowy Den,' in Evan's *Collection*, vol. iii., p. 342, is," says Professor Child, "the *caput mortuum* of this spirited ballad."

Wordsworth's sympathy with, and appreciation of our Scottish ballad and song lore, is shown in several of his poems. "Yarrow Unvisited," "Yarrow Visited," and "Yarrow Revisited," are instances in point.

- 1 [LATE at evening, drinking the wine,
On the dowie* dens of Yarrow,

*["Dowie:" melancholy:—

"Meek loveliness is round thee spread,
A softness still and holy;
The grace of forest charms decayed,
And pastoral melancholy."—*Yarrow Visited*]

- They set a combat them between,
To fight it on the morrow.*
- 2 "You took our sister to be **your** wife,
And ne'er thought her **your** marrow;
You stole her frae her father's hame,
When she was the Rose of Yarrow."
- 3 "Yes, I took your sister to be my wife,
And I made her my marrow;
I took her frae her father's hame,
And she's still the Rose of Yarrow."
- 4 He is hame to his ladye gane,
As he had done before, O;
Says—"Madam, I must go and fight
On the dowie dens of Yarrow."]
- 5 "Oh, stay at hame, my noble lord,
Oh, stay at hame, my marrow!
My cruel brother will you betray
On the dowie dens of Yarrow."
- 6 "Oh, fare ye weel, my ladye dear!
Fareweel, my winsome marrow! †
For I maun gae, though I ne'er return,
Frae the dowie dens of Yarrow."
- 7 She kiss'd his cheek, she kaim'd his hair,
As oft she had done before, O;
She belted him with his noble brand,
And he's away to Yarrow.
- 8 As he gaed up the Tennies bank,
I wot he gaed with sorrow,
Till he espied nine armèd men,
On the dowie dens of Yarrow.
- 9 "Oh, come ye here to part your land,
The bonnie Forest thorough?
Or come ye here to wield your brand,
On the dowie dens of Yarrow?"

*[Stanza 1, as it appears in Scott's version, reads:—

"Late at e'en, drinking the wine,
And ere they paid the lawing,
They set a combat them between,
To fight it in the dawing."]

†[Scott's text, in place of "marrow," reads "Sarah," a name which, as Professor Aytoun justly remarks, "was better known in the Land of Canaan than in Ettrick Forest."]

- 10 "I come not here to part my land,
And neither to beg nor borrow;
I come to wield my noble brand,
On the dowie dens of Yarrow.
- 11 "If I see all, ye're nine to ane;
And that's unequal marrow:
Yet will I fight, while lasts my brand,
On the dowie dens of Yarrow."
- 12 Four has he hurt, and five has slain,
On the bloody braes of Yarrow;
Till a coward knight came him behind,
And ran his body thorough.
- 13 "Gae hame, gae hame, good-brother * John,
And tell my winsome marrow
To come and lift her leafu' lord,—
He's sleeping sound on Yarrow."
- 14 [As he gaed o'er yon high, high hill,
As he had done before, O,
It's there he met his sister dear,
Fast running on to Yarrow.]
- 15 "Yestreen I dream'd a doleful dream;
I fear there will be sorrow!
I dream'd I pull'd the birk sae green,
With my true love, on Yarrow."
- 16 ["I'll read your dream, my sister dear,
Your dream of dule and sorrow;
Ye pull'd the birk for your true love,—
He's kill'd, he's kill'd on Yarrow.]
- 17 "For in yon glen strave armed men;
They've wrought thee dule and sorrow;
They've slain, they've slain your noble lord;
He bleeding lies on Yarrow."
- 18 As she sped down yon high, high hill,
She gaed with dule and sorrow,
And in the den spied ten slain men,
On the dowie dens of Yarrow.
- 19 "She kiss'd his cheek, she kaim'd his hair,
She search'd his wounds all thorough;
She kiss'd them, till her lips grew red,
On the dowie dens of Yarrow.

* "Good-brother: ' beau-frère; brother-in-law.

- 20 ["Yestreen I made my bed fu' braid,
This night I'll make it narrow;
For all the live-lang winter night,
I'll lie twin'd of my marrow."]
- 21 "Now, haud your tongue, my daughter dear!
For all this breeds but sorrow;
I'll wed ye to a better lord
Than him ye lost on Yarrow."
- 22 "Oh, haud your tongue, my father dear!
Ye mind me but of sorrow:
A fairer rose did never bloom
Than now lies cropp'd on Yarrow."
- 23 [She kiss'd his lips, she kaim'd his hair,
As aft she had done before, O;
Syne, with a crack, her heart it brak',
On the dowie dens of Yarrow.]

RARE WILLIE DROWNED IN YARROW.

Four stanzas under the above title appear in Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*, vol. ii., p. 141. Three of them are given in the following collated ballad, and are numbered 2, 10, and 11. The other forms stanza 20 of the preceding ballad, to which it seems properly to belong, as it evidently speaks the language of a matron, while that here numbered stanza 2 is as evidently the language of a maid. (See also stanza 3.)

Stanza 9 is taken from "Willie's Drowned in Gamery;" a similar ballad of the North, given in Buchan's *Ancient Ballads*, vol. i., p. 245, and of which a fragment, differing slightly from the complete copy, appears in the Percy Society, vol. xvii.,

The remaining stanzas are from "The Haughs of Yarrow,"—"another of Yarrow's inspired songs," given by Mr. Buchan in his *Ancient Ballads*, vol. ii., p. 211. Scott's, or, more correctly speaking, Herd's version of stanza 4 has, however, been substituted for the corresponding stanza in Mr. Buchan's version, which is noted under the text.

"Rare Willie's Drowned in Yarrow" suggested Logan's admirable modern ballad, "The Braes of Yarrow," beginning—

"Thy braes were bonnie, Yarrow stream."

There are thus, as the reader will observe, two distinct ancient ballads, each of which has formed the groundwork of popular modern pieces, the one by Hamilton of Bangoni, and the other by Logan.

- 1 Down in yon garden, sweet and gay,
Where bonnie grows the lillie,
I heard a fair maid singing, say,
"My wish be with sweet Willie."

- 2 " [Oh,] Willie's rare and Willie's fair,
And Willie's wond'rous bonnie,
And Willie's hecht to marry me,
If e'er he married ony.
- 3 " [But] Willie's gane, whom I thought on,
And does not hear me weeping;
Nor see the tears frae true love's e'e,*
When other maids are sleeping.
- 4 " Oh, gentle wind, that bloweth south,
From where my love repaireth,
Convey a kiss from his dear mouth,
And tell me how he fareth. †
- 5 " Oh, tell sweet Willie to come down,
And bid him not be cruel;
Oh, tell him not to break the heart
Of his love and only jewel.
- 6 " Oh, tell sweet Willie to come down,
To hear the mavis singing;
To see the birds on ilka bush,
And leaves around them hinging.
- 7 " The lav'rock there with her white breast,
And gentle throat sae narrow;
There's sport enough for gentlemen
On Leader Haughs and Yarrow.
- 8 " Oh, Leader Haughs are wide and braid,
And Yarrow Haughs are bonnie;
There Willie hecht to marry me,
If e'er he married ony. ‡

* Altered. The original reads:—

"Draws mony a tear frae's true love's e'e."

† "Ye south, south winds, blaw to the north,
'To the place where he's remaining;
Convey these kisses to his mouth,
And tell him how I'm faring."

‡ Buchan's version.—"The Haughs o' Yarrow" ends thus:—

"'But if he plays the prodigal,
I freely could forget him;
And if he choose another bride,
I ever mair will hate him.'

"But now sweet Willie he's come down,
And eas'd her of her sorrow;
And he's made her his lawful bride,
Upon the braes o' Yarrow."

- 9 " [Oh,] Willie's fair and Willie's rare,
And Willie's wond'rous bonnie;
There's nae with him that can compare,
I love him best of ony.
- 10 " Oh, came you by yon water-side?
Pull'd ye the rose or lilie?
Or came ye by yon meadow-green?
Or saw ye my sweet Willie?"
- 11 She sought him east, she sought him west,
She sought him braid and narrow;
Syne, in the cleaving of a craig,
She found him drown'd in Yarrow.*

ANNAN WATER.

From Scott's *Minstrelsy*, vol. iii., p. 282.

"The following verses are the original words of the tune of 'Allan Water,' by which name the song is mentioned in Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*. The ballad is given from tradition; and it is said that a bridge over the Annan was built in consequence of the melancholy catastrophe which it narrates. Two verses are added in this edition, from another copy of the ballad, in which the conclusion proves fortunate. By the Gatehope-slack, is perhaps meant the Gate-slack, a pass in Annandale. The Annan and the Frith of Solway, into which it falls, are the frequent scenes of tragical accidents. The editor trusts he will be pardoned for inserting the following awfully impressive account of such an event, contained in a letter from Dr. Currie, of Liverpool, by whose correspondence, while in the course of preparing these volumes for the press, he has been alike honoured and instructed. After stating that he had some recollection of the ballad which follows, the biographer of Burns proceeds thus:—'I once in my early days heard (for it was night, and I could not see) a traveller drowning; not in the Annan itself, but in the Frith of Solway, close by the mouth of that river. The influx of the tide had unhorsed him, in the night, as he was passing the sands from Cumberland. The west wind blew a tempest, and, according to the common expression, brought in the water *three foot abreast*. The traveller got upon a standing net, a little way from the shore. There he lashed himself to the post, shouting for half an hour for assistance—till the tide rose over his head! In the darkness of the night, and amid the pauses of the hurricane, his voice, heard at intervals, was

* "She sought it up, she sought it down,
Till she was wet and wearie;
And in the middle part of it,
There she got her dearie."

Penultimate stanza of "Willie's Drowned in Gamery." The "it" means the river.

exquisitely mournful. No one could go to his assistance—no one knew where he was—the sound seemed to proceed from the spirit of the waters. But morning rose—the tide had ebbd—and the poor traveller was found lashed to the pole of the net, and bleaching in the wind.”—Scott.

[The following bears some resemblance to the preceding ballad, and to “The Drowned Lovers,” in *Ballads of the West of Scotland*.

- 1 “ANNAN water’s wading deep,
And my love Annie’s wond’rous bonnie;
And I am laith she shou’d weet her feet,
Because I love her best of ony.
- 2 “Gar saddle me the bonnie black,
Gar saddle sune, and make him ready;
For I will down the Gatehope-slack,
And all to see my bonnie ladye.”
- 3 He has loupén on the bonnie black,
He stirr’d him with the spur right sairly;
But, or he wan the Gatehope-slack,
I think the steed was wae and weary.
- 4 He has loupén on the bonnie gray,
He rade the right gate and the ready;
I trow he wou’d neither stint nor stay,
For he was seeking his bonnie ladye.
- 5 Oh, he has ridden o’er field and fell,
Thro’ muir and moss, and mony a mire:
His spurs of steel were sair to bide,
And frae her fore-feet flew the fire.
- 6 “Now, bonnie gray, now play your part,
If ye be the steed that wins my deary,
With corn and hay ye’sè be fed for aye,
And never spur shall make you weary.”
- 7 The gray was a mare, and a right good mare:
But when she wan the Annan water,
She cou’dna ha’e ridden a furlong mair,
Had a thousand merks been wadded* at her.
- 8 “Oh, boatman, boatman, put off your boat!
Put off your boat for gowden money!
I cross the drumly stream the night,
Or never mair I see my honeye.”

* “Wadded:” wagered.

- 9 "Oh, I was sworn sae late yestreen,
And not by ae aith, but by many;
And for all the gowd in fair Scotland,
I dare not take ye through to Annie."
- 10 The side was stey, and the bottom deep,
Frae bank to brae the water pouring;
And the bonnie gray mare did sweat for fear,
For she heard the water-kelpy roaring.
- 11 Oh, he has pull'd aff his dapperpy * coat,
The silver buttons glanced bonnie;
The waistcoat bursted aff his breast,
He was sae full of melancholy.
- 12 He has ta'en the ford at that stream tail;
I wot he swam both strong and steady;
But the stream was broad, and his strength did fail,
And he never saw his bonnie ladye!
- 13 "Oh, wae betide the frush † saugh wand!
And wae betide the bush of brier!
It brake into my true love's hand,
When his strength did fail, and his limbs did tire.
- 14 "And wae betide ye, Annan water,
This night that ye are a drumlie river!
For over thee I'll build a bridge, ‡
That ye never more true love may sever."

* Query—cap-à-pie. [Variegated woollen cloth or Tweed.]

† "Frush:" brittle; without cohesion of parts.

‡ See Introduction to ballad, p. 605.

§ The spelling is here modernized.

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